Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. | NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1837. | VOL. VII. No. 38.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Friend of the Bowery Theatre" has not to assure us that DINNEFORD'S assignees have nearly ruined that valuable property. We have been aware of the fact for some time past. One of them, when sober, is an apology for a gentleman; as to the other two, so far as our experience goes, they make no pretensions to that character. The result of their joint mismanagement is, that Dinneford has not only lost a majority of his patrons, but most of his personal friends. Heaven send him a safe deliverance from such a trio.

The Secretary's report of the Lexington races is received, and will appear next week, it being more full than the one in to day's paper.

Three or four race meetings in the Old Dominion have come off recently, of which we have had no report. The owners of the winning horses must not complain if they are omitted in our *Annual Lists of Winners* at the end of the year. Give your Secretaries a hint, gentlemen.

WILLIAMSON, of the Bowery, did not get up the new spectacle at that theatre, as we are officially informed. After what has occurred, Mr. W. will see the propriety of establishing the truth of his statement to us beyond cavil. We shall expect to hear from him forthwith.

P. W., Esq. is informed that the exchange of stock proposed by him for *Admiral*, cannot be entertained, the only inducement of the owner to dispose of him being to rid himself of the cares attendant upon a stable of thorough-breds.

Miss CLIFTON will *not* visit Richmond until after the termination of her Philadelphia engagement—if then. She opens at Mr. CALDWELL'S St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, on the 21st Dec.

Five hundred dollars a-side has been laid that Twenty Miles have been trotted within the Hour! Is there such an achievement on record, as having been performed either in this country or Great Britain? We shall be glad to receive any information on the subject.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS,, during the year 1835—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc, and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses,* THREE *Mile Heats,* with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet,* with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1835, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats,* with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

We know of few more exhilirating sensations than are created by the presence of beauty and fashion in a well filled theatre; it vivifies every sentiment of refinement, and so awakens our susceptibility to enjoyment, that we become impatient to partake of the anticipated pleasnre, and award in advance our applause to the artist who proffers to indulge us in a favorite recreation. Such were the lively feelings pervading the brilliant audience at the Park on Monday; every face was wreathed with smiles, and expectation was on tiptoe to welcome back to this temple the too long neglected and the favorite art of every civilized nation in Christendom. It was to such an assemblage that Madame CARADORI made her debut, and so intense and continued was the ringing welcome, that some minutes elapsed before an opportunity was given her to utter a syllable; but meanwhile it elicited evidences from her of deep sensibility and modesty, which were by no means disadvantageous to the triumph she was about to achieve. Although nigh overmastered by agitation, and actually pallid, trembling with apprehension, her sweet, reedy tones soon found utterance, and swelling in volume as she proceeded, at length burst forth in all the simple majesty of harmonious music. The effect was electrical—the victory was hers, and the fair stranger tranquilized her affrighted senses amid the acclamations of a delighted audience.

We have dwelt a moment on this interesting scene, partly for its intrinsic beauty, but chiefly for its novelty as contrasted with that brazen self-possession for which it has latterly become fashionable to applaud those females who have appeared in our theatres. How little do they or their silly friends know of the charm which instantly attaches to her who evidences by the confusion and embarrassment of the moment the innate modesty of her nature, and her susceptibility to impressions which none can or should wish to suppress except the grossly hardened or the guilty.

The "*Barber of Seville*" was the opera of the evening, and seldom have the oldest admirers of its brilliant music been more enchanted than by the execution of that portion which devolves upon *Rosina.* Our expectations had been wound to the highest pitch, but they were more than realized by the surpassing skill and taste discovered by the debutante. Her style is infinitely superior to FANTI'S, though the old patrons of the Italian Opera allege that she lacks the latter's spirit and expression. She has all Mrs. WOOD'S sweetness of tone, without her volume and power; Mrs. W. gave us such a redundancy of ornament as frequently to destroy the effect of a fine passage, while Madame Caradori gives the music as it is set down for her, trusting to her exquisite and natural melody of voice to produce the desired effect. The most difficult and trying passages appear to cost her no more exertion than the warbling of a bird; and you become so entranced with her soft and liquid cadences as to forget Madame Caradori in *Rosina,* and shout *encore!* as if you were obliging her by permitting her to repeat what seems to afford her such unmixed delight. A more successful first appearance has not been made on the boards of Old Drury for many years, and we have no hesitation in predicting for her in this country the proudest and most brilliant success. At the fall of the curtain she was called for with enthusiasm; Mr. RITCHINGS soon led her forward, and she curtsied her acknowledgments and ired amidst every demonstration of pleasure and regard.

The WOODWORTH Benefit at the National went off finely. The receipts were above $3000.

Among the *on dits* in the histrionic world we take great pleasure in noticing another star in the literary hemisphere, in the person of our lovely young countrywoman, Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES. We understand that a new tragedy called "*Octavia Bragaldi,* or the confession," will be brought forward for the first time at the National Theatre on Thursday sext, for our old favorite BARNES' *Benefit.* A gentleman of great literary fame pronounces it to be a masterly production, replete with highly wrought incidents, and possessing fine poetic passages.

"THE APOLLO."—Under this name, Signor BRIGALDI, formerly attached to the Italian Opera establishment in this city, (and a memento of whose skill is witnessed nightly in the act-drop of the National theatre,) will soon open the saloon lately occupied by the *Broadway theatre* at Euterpean Hall, in order to develop the capabilities and *histrionic powers* of a set of automatons:—The French "Marionnettes" and Italian "Fantoccini."

These miniatures of humanity will act plays, and perform operas and ballets, in a manner which will quite astound even the mechanical genius of the Yankees. Their own powers of attraction will be sustained by a rich and magnificent wardrobe, and a very superior orchestra; while the decorations of the house will surpass in splendor anything we have yet seen. The front will be embellished with three beautiful statues,—"APOLLO" in the centre, and Tragedy and Comedy on either side; so that there will be no danger of the house being mistaken for a church, an event which the indefinite architecture of some of our other theatrical establishments renders in their case not at all improbable. Brigaldi's ingenuity and industry merit success, and we have little doubt they will achieve it.

G.

A GAMBLING BARON.—When this Reunion (a gambling club at Malta on the return of our army there from Egypt) was in its palmy state, there was among the principal performers a German, Baron Waldeck, a captain in one of the foreign corps. This interesting hero had a run of great luck, and when he dealt he pulled in the stakes in a very rapid fashion, talked magnificent, and on the occasion of a dispute about a doubloon, he tossed the piece of golden dirt through the window to show his contempt for lucre. He had, he said, hurt his left hand, and he always appeared with a bandage on it. One night an officer in the same regiment with me was seated next the Baron, and in no very good humor, having lost all his stock in trade, a great part of which he had seen pass to the heap in front of his next neighbor. Having lost all his money, he continued to look on, and whether his eye-sight had been sharpened by his disappointed feelings or not, he thought he observed under the bandage on the Baron's hand the corner of a court card; he redoubled the vigilance of his observation, and at last made sure of the fact. Starting up, he pinned the German's fist and its contents to the table, and at the same time expressed his suspicions, which were in a moment verified by stripping off the bandage, and exposing a regular batch of cards, so disposed that Company must always lose, and Self gain. The trick was the more easy to effect, as two and sometimes three packs of cards were thrown together to prevent the chance of calculating the cards to come up. United Service Journal.

THE HUNTERS OF THE PRAIRIE;

OR THE HAWK CHIEF.

Here is a tale of wild and wonderful adventures among the savages in the back woods and prairies of America. It is from the pen of J. T. IRVING, Jun., the author of "Indian Sketches," and we think it is likely to become a favorite, especially with that class of readers who admire Mr. Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," "Prairie," &c. But Mr. Irving, instead of contenting himself to two volumes, might have advantageously extended his ample materials to three. Indeed, the work would have been much better had more domestic scenes been introduced by way of relief to the numerous and exciting details of Indian wiles and bloodshed—of hair-breadth escapes, and desperate combats, which follow each other in somewhat too rapid succession. It is true that a quiet old man and his daughter, and, of course, one or two lovers are introduced, but even these are also involved in perilous and frightful scenes among the Indians, being the captives of the Hawk Chief, a character remarkably well drawn and ably sustained. Indications of haste, too, are perceptible in the work: thus we have mysterious hints, which are never explained, relative to a murder that had been committed by an officer named Arden. We must say, too, that some of the scenes and characters are drawn from Cooper. A hunter, named Adherbal, very closely resembles Cooper's favorite "Hawk-eye," or "Leather-stocking," and the last scene in the work now before us, is almost an exact copy—though less powerfully worked out—of the parting of "Leather-stocking" from his friends, at the close of "The Pioneers." Still these volumes have great merit—the peculiar manners and customs, and the vindictive passions of the Indians are vividly exhibited. The characters and the events, too, are so widely different from aught we meet with in civilized life, that they open as it were a new world to our view, and our admiration is continually excited by the hardy daring, the inexhaustible resources, the strong animal powers, combined with mental vigor and fortitude, exhibited by man when thrown on his own resources. We have pointed out some faults in this production, but we suspect that few persons after opening the first volume will be content to throw the work aside, till they reach, with a feeling of regret, "the end." We copy from the very commencement of the story a narrative of incidents that will convey a fair idea of the whole contents of the work:—

SCENES IN THE WOODS.

The heavy mists which during a cold October night had rested upon the waters of the Nemahaw river were wreathing through the woods that bordered its banks; the tops of the trees were gilt with the bright rays of a morning sun, which gave a gorgeous beauty to the rainbow tints of the autumn foliage—the mantle of the departing year. Occasionally small flocks of perroquets flew with swift wing through the branches of the trees, making the woods re-echo to their noisy screams. A solitary raven had left the watch-tower upon the silvery top of a dead sycamore, and was soaring high up in the heavens; and even that vagabond bird, the turkey-buzzard, the vulture of America, was floating far up in the blue sky, rivalling the eagle in the beauty and majesty of his flight. The dew-drops were sparkling like gems upon the leaves of the trees, and a freshness was playing in the morning air, which gave the indication of a bright and cheery day. In the midst of a grove shading the banks of the river, and in front of a large fire, were seated two persons. The age of the youngest might have been twenty, perhaps more. His dress was simple, and suited to the wildness of the country around him. A light hunting-coat of highly-dressed deer-skin was girded round his waist by a broad leathern belt, serving to set off a form whose slightness gave more promise of activity than strength. A few locks of light hair escaped from beneath a gay cap, also made of deer-skin, and curiously ornamented with stripes of porcupine quill. It was worn, however, more for appearance than use, as it served rather to adorn than shade the frank and fearless face beneath it. In his belt he carried a silver-hilted dirk, a substitute for the less elegant though more serviceable hunting-knife. A pair of buck-skin leggings, which bore the marks of rough usage, and many a hard encounter with bushes and briars, were drawn over his pantaloons, and completed his dress.—With the exception of these last articles, the lightness and even richness of his attire, though modelled after that of the hunters of the district, at once pointed him out as not belonging to a class who look alone to durability in their habiliments. Near him, against the trunk of a tall tree, rested a light rifle, whose highly-finished barrel, and stock inlaid with silver, showed that it had come from the forge of no workman west of the Mississippi. His associate was in every respect a back-wood hunter. He had numbered about forty winters; and his scarred and weather beaten features told many a tale of danger and exposure.—His broad white forehead strongly contrasted with a face of the most swarthy hue, and gave an air of natural nobility to his whole countenance. There was stamped too upon his mouth an expression of unwavering resolution which that feature alone can convey, giving to him an air of quiet intrepidity, that bespoke one who felt a full reliance upon his own powers, and would not shrink from bringing them into action. His eye was grey, stern in its expression, and exceedingly brilliant. His dress, though of coarser materials, resembled that of his companion, and in the formation far more attention appeared to have been bestowed upon the usefulness than the beauty of the garments. Like his companion, his waist was belted with a broad leathern girdle. To it was attached a short scabbard of undressed cow-hide, containing a strong-bladed knife, which might serve either as a weapon of defence, or for the more peaceable employment of cutting his food. Between his knees was a short yager—a species of rifle much in vogue with the hunters of this part of the country, both on account of the convenience of its length, and the large size of its bore, which rendered it more fatal in its effects. At the time of introducing these characters to the reader, they were both seated on a large log in front of the fire. The eyes of both were fixed on a line of blue smoke which floated upwards, forming a pale canopy over their heads, and slowly wreathing among the branches of the overhanging trees. Some deep and engrossing subject seemed to be pressing on the minds of both, and to have wrapped them up in a world of its own, leaving its traces on their grave and silent faces. At length the younger of the two broke silence.

"You are moody this morning, Norton," said he. "I would give the two best bullets in my pouch to know what occupies your thoughts."

His companion raised his head—"My thoughts, Herrick, are not pleasant, that you need wish to buy them."

"Ah! I suppose you are still harping on the foot-print in the ashes of the burnt prairie. This same track appears to have troubled you much. But cheer up! The trappers are returning from the mountains about this season, and it may have been left by one who had straggled from the main body. Besides, it might have been made some days since; or even were it the fresh moccasin-print of an Indian, you could scarcely find a hostile one hereabouts. So you may scatter your fears to the winds."

The other mused for some moments, and then fixed his clear eye on the face of his companion.

"But this scalp-lock," said he, extending a long thin braid of human hair.—"It must have fallen from the legging of an Indian. The Konzas and Otoes rarely wear them. It has come from the dress of an Omahaw or Pawnee. The first are not too friendly, and a tomahawk and scalping knife would be our certain welcome from the last. The track, too, was fresh; for the gale which swept over the prairie in the morning would have covered it with ashes; but it was clean, and made by the heavy tread of a strong-limbed man. There are those in our neighborhood whose best wishes could not stop the flight of an arrow should they catch a glimpse of us. It was thoughtless in you, boy, to kindle so large a fire, and above all, to heap it with green brushwood. It will send up a heavy smoke that will scarcely escape the eye of a Redskin should any chance to be lurking in these clumps of forest. The eagle has not a quicker eye for his prey than these cut throat Indians."

"Well! well! let them come; we have arms."

"Arms!" replied the other, half contemptuously. "What will two rifles and two knives do against against a hundred bows and tomahawks? Think you a Pawnee or Omahaw would venture alone, or even in a small band, in this neighborhood, where every tribe is at open war with him? Take my word for it, if we fight one, we shall have to fight a hundred."

"Well, well, Norton, we will do that when they come; but don't let us fight them before we see them—it is a waste of ammunition."

The hunter laughed as he replied, "I'm sometimes surprised at myself for still clinging to you; for your thoughtlessness is constantly getting us into scrapes. However, I was once young and thoughtless myself."

"That of course," replied Herrick in a merry tone. "It's the way with all old people to give that advice to their children which they never followed themselves. If the rising generation followed to the letter the precepts of fathers and grandfathers, what a grey-headed world we should live in!"

"Herrick," said the other, eyeing him good-naturedly, "will you never cease this bantering?"

"Certainly. In thirty years I shall be as demure and staid a gentleman as any of my age, and will give the same advice to my children, if I have any, that I now receive; and shall be as much astonished if they do not follow it, as *my* present advisers are. Ha! look yonder."

At this exclamation the hunter sprang to his feet, and instinctively cocked his rifle. He cast a hurried glance in the direction intimated by the extended arm of his companion. On the brow of a low hill, at a short distance from the thicket stood a large cluster of animals closely crowded together.

"Pshaw! it is only a gang of elk," said Norton, dropping his gun into the hollow of his arm. "A fine herd, though. They will probably make for the timber."

"If they do, we'll have one of them," said Herrick eagerly.

"Yes," answered Norton, "and perhaps an Indian arrow by way of sauce."

"Hush! Norton, don't speak so loud; you may startle them. Look! are they not beautiful?"

The herd now stood with uplifted heads, surveying the whole expanse of prairie, seemingly in doubt whether to continue their course, or to make for the inviting thicket at their feet. At length a huge veteran, whose heavy branching antlers gave an air of importance to his movements, walked a few steps from the top of the hill:—one followed—then another—and another. From a walk, their pace quickened to a trot, and in a few moments the whole herd poured down towards the spot where the hunters were standing. There was, however, a suspicion of lurking danger in the actions of the leader; for as he bounded swiftly forward, his ears were pricked up; his head high in the air, moved from side to side as if in momentary fear of some hidden foe. The rest, relying wholly upon his guidance, followed, frolicking and gamboling. They passed along the border of the woods, and came close upon the two men. From the moment that they had passed the hill a new flame had kindled in the eye of Herrick. His fingers wandered round the trigger of his gun, and then were jerked away, as if restrained by the consciousness that danger might ensue. Still, as they approached, his restlessness increased.

"I dare not fire. Yet how easily I might *drop* that leader!" said he, raising his rifle to his cheek and taking sight along its barrel. "He is very near, I might make sure of him. There! I have him now—exactly behind the left shoulder. Norton! shall I pull?"

"No, no! I tell you, no!—Should there be any Indians about, your rifle crack would be sure to call them. Have you forgotten the foot mark? 'Tis a warning that should not be disregarded. Our lives are worth more than a dead elk."

This answer seemed to carry conviction with it. With a sigh, which showed how great was the sacrifice, Herrick dropped the butt of his rifle heavily upon the ground. The animals still advanced, though not as before. A feeling of insecurity had spread throughout the troop; their pace was slow; they crowded together; every nostril was expanded to the breeze, every eye on the watch, and every ear open to drink in the least sound of danger. Herrick again lifted his rifle. He grasped its barrel with his left hand, and his finger again strayed around the trigger. Slowly and almost unconsciously, he raised it to his cheek, and brought the muzzle to bear on the leader.

"Norton, did you ever see such antlers? He is not ten yards off. I do not think there can be *much* danger."

His voice, though suppressed, reached the ear of the already startled beast.—Instantly his nose was raised higher, and his eyes rested upon the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

"There! there! Norton, he sees us! by Heaven! he is turning away: we have no provision—we shall be starving to-morrow. He is starting."

Crack! The sharp report of the rifle rang through the woods. The singing of the bullet was heard,, and the noble beast fell forward on his knees. The effect upon the rest of the herd was electrical. At first they crowded round the wounded leader, snorting loudly; then, apparently comprehending his fate, they scoured off over the hills. The deserted beast sprang up, and rushed madly forward in the direction they had taken: the leaps grew less and less; one more bound, he landed on his feet—his legs tottered—they yielded under him, and he fell in the edge of the thicket, with the death quiver running through his limbs.

"Hurrah! there's elk meat for you!" shouted Herrick, drawing his dirk. He thrust the bushes apart with the breech of his rifle; bounded through them; sprang over the dead logs; and in a moment reached the spot where the beast lay.

"'Twas the act of a fool!" muttered Norton, as he slowly prepared to follow. "Yet the temptation was strong, and there's blood in that young frame. Perhaps, had they stopped much longer, I too should have done the same."

Thus, half musing, half speaking, he slowly advanced to the edge of the thicket. Here he paused and keenly surveyed the prairie before venturing from the woods. Nothing was to be seen, and he was in the act of stepping out, when his ear was arrested by a sharp sound, as of a dead twig breaking beneath the tread of an animal. Quick as thought, he crouched, and peeped through the bushes, scanning with sharp eye every shrub and every tree trunk around him. His fear had been awakened, and the recklessness of his young companion, in discharging his rifle, had increased his watchfulness. Every thing, however, was quiet, and he was preparing to rise from his concealment, when his attention was caught by an unusual quivering of the leaves of a small bush at a short distance overgrown with wild pea-vines. He drew closer to his hiding-place. Presently the bush shook violently; the dark painted head of an Indian was protruded from beneath it; a pair of naked shoulders followed; aud an Indian completely armed, emerged to view. With snake-like silence he stole from tree to tree, slowly winding his way towards Herrick. But though he moved with all the instinctive craft of his people, he was under the eye of one whom many years spent in these wilds had rendered fully his equal. Inch by inch he moved forward—the hunter did the same. Whenever he paused and looked around, Norton crouched to the earth—and again as he crept cautiously forward the white followed. Some time had been consumed, and Herrick was impatiently looking about for his companion. The Indian fitted an arrow to his bow. There was no time to be lost. Norton sprang to his feet. The noise of the motion caught the ear of the Indian. He turned, but too late. He had but time to see the hunter's yager pointed to his body, ere a stream of fire poured from its mouth. Its sharp report rang through the woods, and the wild scream of the warrior, as he leaped in the air, announced that its bullet had been a death messenger.

OLIVE ETHERINGTON.*

BY MISS L. H. MEDINA.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light a shame. She was not made
Through years and moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure, till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny;—but she sleeps well.
BYRON.

It was round a small breakfast table in the *salon à dejeuner* of a house in Grosvenor Square, that a family party of three persons were assembled at the very fashionable hour of eleven, to partake of the morning's meal. The table did not indeed display the abundant luxuries of an American or Scotch breakfast, but still in the superb damask linen, the *sèvre* china which furnished the tea-board, the rich antique chasing of the urn, toast-rack and sugar bowl; and more than all, in the aristocratic crest blazoned on every spoon and fork, a connoisseur might have decided that our party were of the *élite*. It consisted of an elderly lady, in whose still handsome face pride and passion had drawn more lines than time—a youug Psyche looking girl and a gentleman, whose age and resemblance to both ladies pronounced him the son of one, and the brother of the other. So deeply engrossed was this young man in the morning papers, that his coffee had been twice removed cold, and his dry toast remained untouched upon his plate, while his fine features were lighted up with a glow of interest and pleasure, as he eagerly perused the Morning Herald.

"Upon my word, Mr. Etherington," at last exclaimed his mother, "you are very agreeable company! The interesting nature of your conversation is not at all likely to disperse the fumes of dulness I inhaled at that stupid party last night. If I may tax your powers of speech so far, what very delightful intelligence engrosees you so greatly?"

"A thousand pardons, my dear madam," exclaimed Charles Etherington, relinquishing the offending paper—"but my politeness was merged in my pleasure at reading this splendid critique upon George G. Hannam."

"And pray, who is George G. Hannam?"

"Who? Oh, Lady Frances, not to know him would argue yourself unknown. But I forget that you are but just arrived in London, though I should have imagined that fame had blown his name from pole to pole, so I will enlighten your darkness. George G. Hannam then, (for like Cæsar or Shakspeare, we never call him Mr.) is the greatest genius of the age—the master spirit of the *populi*—the great magician of the heart—the idol of the ladies, and the envy of the men; and more than all, the only living ideal of those mighty conceptions formed by Shakspeare, Beaumont, Otway, or Massinger."

"Which rhapsody being interpreted," replied the lady with a sneer, "means that your hero is a *play-actor*." Charles colored deeply. "Mother, I had not expected to hear a word so—pardon me if I say vulgar—from your lips; and yet, if that title may express the gentleman—the scholar, poet, painter and orator, all in one, apply it certainly to Hannam. The stage is to him the mighty arena of his power—no other profession could display his extraordinary talents, nor should it be held lower than the other fine arts, since it certainly embraces them all."

"Brother," said the younger lady, now first breaking silence, "is not the stage a slavish choice for a free and independent spirit?"

"No Olive, not more than any other public business. Look at the soldier, sailor, senator, judge. Have we not seen the hero of Waterloo pelted through the streets? Has not the scaffold flowed with the blood of a Byng? Did not Castlereagh take his own life, and Canning break his heart? And what was their bane—public disaffection. The actor endures no more, yet wins a triumph worth all put together."

"You have but to defend the actor's morals as well, Charles," said Lady Frances, "and then your nonsense would be complete."

"And, why not, madam? Is any set of men on earth immaculate? Look at your list of noble barristers—call to mind all the fox hunting parsons you know—canvass the characters of our fashionable Esculapians—are these all faultless? You know otherwise, and yet you know nothing of them compared with those of the histrionic art: they alone must pass the fiery ordeal of public censure. Writers, artists of every class may sin unnoticed, but actors are bound by more than Monkish bonds. And yet, this is of all others, the life of wildest seduction—of deepest temptation."

"How do you mean?"

"This I mean: I am as you know, or rather as you do not know, honored by a close intimacy with Hannam. Last night I was in his dressing room; as he came off from every act, he received billets perfumed like the Attar Gaul—feathers—gloves almost warm from the fair hands they had graced—invitations from the nobles of our land—and finally, a gracious message from royalty itself. So much for his private room. Does the stage flatter him less? He beholds thousands waiting upon his words, suspending their breath to watch his motions; he sees bright eyes dimmed with the tears his art calls forth; he hears the bursting cheers that hail his mastery over the human heart."

"But you cannot deny, Charles, that this hero of the lamps makes up like a mountebank for a fair, paints his face, and figures in tinsel and spangles."

"That an actor suits his dress to the character and time he represents is true, but is that more than the writer or the painter does, when they depict scenes they wish you to behold? Or is the common and well known addition of color on account of the glare, so much of artifice as the padded coats, and laced-up waists of half our beaux, or the false ringlets and touched-up complexions of our belles? No, no, madam; good and bad there are of course of every class; but believe me, a great actor is a great man."

"This may be all very fine," said Lady Frances rising, "but to me it is more wearisome than long whist, or Dr. Prosy's sermon's; so I will leave you, Charles, to finish your eulogy for the benefit of Olive, whom it seems much to edify—only begging, that if this mighty beau in buskins has bought your praise by free admissions for the season, he will not prevail on you to offend me by offering to introduce him.

With this conclusion, Lady Frances languidly sauntered out of the room, leaving the son more vexed than a philosopher should be, at her contemptuous treatment of his friend. Olive, who in the meanwhile had been perusing the article in the morning paper which first introduced the discussion, now inquired with some interest—"Is Mr. Hannam handsome, Charles?"

"He is handsome I think Olive, or something that is generally considered so; but you would soon forget his features, expressive though they be, in the fascination of his manners. I wish to heaven that my mother's prejudice did not prevent you judging for yourself; and yet," added he, as he suddenly encountered the intense gaze of his sister, "and yet it is perhaps better as it is.—Good morning sister. I will not be so cruel as to detain you from your toilet, considering that this is your first morning in the Park, and that you are but sixteen."

Charles Etherington pressed his lips to his young sister's cheek, and left her; yet an hour after, she was sitting precisely in the same attitude, when a message from her mother summoned her to her *boudoir*. Rising, she heaved a deep inspiration, and proceeded slowly enough to obey the summons. Lady Frances had employed the intermediate time to arrange French blonde and ribbons, so as to conceal the ravages of ruthless time on her still handsome face. She was in a better humor from the result of her labors, and addressed her daughter graciously. "Sit down Olive, and listen to a few words of common sense, before plunging into the giddy whirl of pleasure. You are not ignorant that the small residue of fortune, left at your father's death, has been deeply involved, to afford your brother and yourself the advantages of superior education. Learn now, that for the purpose of making this one visit to London, in a style befitting my rank, I have taken up all the funds that now or ever may accrue to me; and should it fail its purpose—I am a beggar!"

"Good heavens, madam—and what motive could induce a course so rash?"

"My conduct, Miss Etherington," haughtily replied the mother, "is not subject to your criticism. Rash do you call it? Would you not sooner be dead than live to vegetate unknown, obscure—merely dragging on an animal life—to eat, and drink, and sleep—the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"I entreat your pardon, mother; I intended no offence. Let me hear your commands; I wait to receive them."

"And to obey them, I trust, when heard. Olive; the purpose for which I am here is to procure you a splendid settlement in life. You have youth, beauty, manners, accomplishments; with you it rests to restore your mother to that situation it befits an Earl's daughter to hold; with you to advance your brother—your only brother—to the station his talents qualify him to adorn. Do not answer me—I will bear no contradiction."

"But, dear mother," said Olive mildly, "how do you know that even if my will consented, I should have the power?"

"There is my answer," said Lady Frances, offering her daughter a letter bearing a coronet upon its seal: it is from Earl of Derwentwater, and contains a proposal for yourself."

"For me?" said Olive, coloring violently, "he has never even seen me."

"What matters that?" said Lady Frances violently, "think you that men of the world marry for a piece of painted red and white flesh? Listen to me, Olive." She caught her shrinking daughter's arm, and led her to a cheval glass that reflected at full length her sylph-like figure—"look upon that form that I have nursed, and watched, and fostered into beauty—look on the reflection of that loveliness which might do honor to a throne. I would sooner see that face shrouded in the cere cloth—that form dressed in the habiliments of the grave, than behold them withering in poverty, or bestowed upon obscurity! Go—and mark me, Olive—I will be obeyed!"

At three o'clock in the afternoon Lady Frances and her beautiful daughter were seated in their barouche, slowly making the tour prescribed by fashion in Hyde Park. Charles, who was on horseback, attended them, enjoying with boyish delight the sensation created by his mother's regal dignity, and his sister's exceeding beauty. Carriage pressed on carriage—the inmates of each surpassing the former in splendor—pedestrians thronged the footpath—and a few of the boldest, perhaps not the most modest of the ladies, mingled with the prancing equestrians. A halt, occasioned by the denseness of the throng, stopped the barouche of Lady Frances exactly opposite the gates leading out to Park Place.

"Charles, Charles—who is that aristocratic looking person talking to Lord Somerset and Prince Pulaski?"

"That—where!—Oh that, madam, is little Sir Peter Peuley—Peter Penitence as they call him, from his rueful physiognomy."

"You are absurd—I do not mean that ape; see him to the left leaning against the gate."

"Oh, that!—that is the Earl of Derwentwater, madam." Olive reddened, until the rich crimson seemed about to gush through her transparent skin. Lady Frances directed a triumphant glance at her; and then remarked carelessly—

"Indeed! I did not think he had arrived yet—he is a magnificent looking man. Good heavens! That lady will certainly be thrown—who is she?"

Before Charles had time for reply, the horse of the lady alluded to, which had long been extremely unruly, now took fright at some music, and plunged in a frightful manner, each moment threatening to dash his terrified rider to a dreadful death. Screams and exclamations rent the air; but as usual where all exclaim, none act—and in another moment the lady would have paid the forfeit of her life for her fondness of display, when a strong arm caught the falling reins; and as the adventurous assistant threw back the foaming animal upon his haunches, he caught the lady from the saddle, and placed her safely in the arms of her companions. A loud shout made Olive withdraw her hands from her eyes. She gazed earnestly on the heroic deliverer—it was the Earl of Derwentwater!

"Bless me," said Lady Frances, "he is quite a hero of romance—*ce grand Orosmane*. Olive, you could not have been better suited."

Perhaps Olive thought so too.

That evening, the Countess of Dressington, one of the most fashionable exotics in the great garden of fashion, and perhaps not the less so that the notoriety of scandal had breathed lightly on her leaves, gave a select *soiree*; and although Olive was not, strictly speaking, *out* yet, still she and her mother were to be of the favored few. But alas! imperious as were the mandates of Lady Frances to all under her command, health was not to be commanded. The agitation she had endured in the morning, and the unwholesome fog in which she had been sitting for fashion's sake three hours, conjoined to produce so violent an attack of a constitutional malady, that her going became out of the question. Still, true to her desired aim, she insisted on Olive accompanying another *chaperon*, and as opposition seemed but to increase her illness, Olive unwillingly obeyed. Her mother gazed long and proudly, as arrayed in simplest guise with a few pearls braided in her glossy hair, her daughter might have challenged the earth to produce aught more beautiful.

"Go, Olive. And remember—should that magnificent stranger (for I will spare your blushes and suppose that you have not heard his name) be there, let no ridiculous prudery cause you to refuse an introduction, or prevent your shining to the uttermost of your ability. Remember—a mother's blessing will attend obedience. Refusal—be visited by a mother's curse!"

The room was crowded, although the party was called a small one; still, none but the *élite* were present. Peeresses were there, whose hearts and words were cold and brilliant as the gems upon their brows—dowagers still haunting the magic scenes of their pristine triumphs, and finishing their life of folly with an old age of cards;—young maidens eagerly bending their lovely heads to the words of withered *roues*, so they but glossed their age and wickedness by rank;—poets and writers prostituting the mighty gift of mind to the flattery of pride and power—the author of the last poem—the hero of the last *crim. con.*—the object of the last satire—the successor to the last title—all the latest lions of the day were assembled at the *conversazione* of the Countess. Chess and *ecarte* were set—music furnished amusement for one saloon, and a party amused themselves in another with dramatic *tableaux vivants*; but the principal interest of the evening was conversation. Here, the brilliant repartee—the pointed antithesis—the acute remark passed round, and seemed to create an atmosphere of their own—a glowing radiance from the mighty sun of mind. Here, too—alas! that genius will stoop to such companionship, breathed the whispered scandal—the insinuation more smiled than spoken—the delicate double entendre—the sneering satire; and here, too, more dangerous than all, flowed the witchery of compliment—the artificial sophistry—the covert immorality—the glowing passion, whose deformity was converted by the prism of ardent fancy into beauty. Here then Olive tarried—and drew unconsciously long draughts of poison to her soul. Possessed of a passionate and enthusiastic temper, the meretricious glare of all she saw and heard inflamed her admiration. Too unskilled in deceit to suspect the frailty of the shining fabric, she gave full sway to the pleasure with which she viewed it. Much that was spoken fell from her innocent heart like lightning flashing innocuous upon ice; yet the novelty—the excitement—the deep though covert sensuality of the scene, had stained her cheek with a crimson flush, and made her heart beat thickly with a tumultuous throb before unknown.

Suddenly her brother's voice accosted her. Speaking gaily, and yet with a peculiar emphasis—

"Miss Etherington," he said, "let me have the pleasure of introducing to you my esteemed friend, the potent, puissant, celebrated——Lord bless me, those musicians make so much noise you cannot hear me speak. Adieu—I see Lady Clara Dudley waiting for me to waltz with her."

Off he ran, leaving both parties considerably annoyed at this half spoken, scrambling sort of introduction; but the feeling, which was painful to excess, moved her companion but for an instant. Taking his seat by her side, with all the ease of *bon ton* he said—

"I hope Miss Etherington will not impose on me the forfeit of her brother's wildness—it were paying too severe a penalty for the transgressions of a friend to relinquish a pleasure which renders that friendship so valuable? May I presume to name myself to Miss Etherington?"

Olive bowed hurriedly. "It does not need. I have the pleasure of knowing the——"

Earl of Derwentwater she would have said. But suddenly the thought—he will think my mother has told me all! rushed across her mind, and staid her utterance. Shade after shade of deepening crimson glowed upon her cheek, and even colored the translucent purity of her bosom. Whatever surprise her companion might have felt, he was far too well bred to evince it; and soon the easy unembarrassed tone of his remarks restored poor Olive to herself. And now she seemed for the first time in her life to live, as enwrapt in a glorious dream she listened to the flowing music of enlightened converse—now borne away into smiles by playful wit—now wrought into enthusiasm by the impassioned eloquence of this so much dreaded Earl. She forgot the passing hours—she noted not the inquisitive stare—she heard not the singer's voice; for the lute of Israfel would have sounded less sweet to her enchanted ears. It was a glorious trance, and first broken by her brother's voice.

"*Mille pardons*, sister Olive, for my abrupt departure. I am returned, after a lapse of two hours, to finish the introduction. Allow me to present to your notice the most potent, puissant, celebrated George G. Hannam." Olive raised her eyes, and gazed wildly and inquiringly into her brother's exultant face. For an instant her eyes passed to that of his friend;—then with a low cry bursting unconsciously from her parted lips, she sunk fainting at his feet. The error had been a natural one. Her giddy brother had mistaken the person of whom his mother had asked in the morning. And in the evening, moved by a desire to gain Olive over to his opinion, had purposely introduced his friend with ut naming him, lest his sister should have evaded the interdicted acquaintance.

With the first energies of returning life Olive besought her brother to keep the whole transaction secret from Lady Frances. By a trifling equivocation, she avoided her questions; and for the first time in her life she wilfully deceived her mother.

The Rubicon was past!

* * * * * *

Weeks after weeks rolled on, and the Earl of Derwentwater (the real Simon Pure) wooed Olive Etherington for a bride—not indeed much as a lover wooes, but rather as a Sultan throws the handkerchief to some favored slave. And she became the blazing sun of fashion, before whose radiance all other stars hide their diminished heads. Her beauty was the theme of every tongue—her joyous bird-like glee the charm of every circle. What was it that brought the color in such fitful gleams, like melting rubies, to her cheek? What brightened the passionate lustre of those gem-like eyes? What breathed upon her lips that fluttering sigh? Ye who have known first love in its depth, and its power—answer! Ye who have lived in the halo of its glory, as an eagle basketh in the sunlight—answer! Ye, who in the innermost shrine of your hearts have worshipped the gorgeous idol—oh, answer! Speak of its wild delight—its glorious fancies—its solitary mysteries—tell of the hopes and fears that kindle hope—the visions imbued with tints of heaven—the power—the purity and pride; and oh, forget not to record its evanescence too! As a meteor glancing through the gloom—as a flower fading in the noonday—as a bright oasis in a far-spread wilderness;—such and so transient is love—first love! Proud, sullen, and cold as was the Earl of Derwentwater, it excited some surprise, that as Olive was known to have neither wealth nor influence, he should press his suit so closely; still, it was so. The young Misses envied, and the Dowagers wondered; but the worthy Peer's actions alone were open—his motives lay within his lordly breast. And Olive? oh, she was constantly in *his* society, who was to become the day-star of her life;—she sat continually in the arena of his triumph, and witnessed the perfection of his art; she drank in the music of his voice, and gazed upon his flashing eye, as the Indian on his sun. To the future she shut her sight, or rather gave it creation from her own wild fancy, and then bowed down in worship of what herself had made. Moments would come, like storm clouds dimming a summer sky, and doubts mutter to her startled heart, like the distant rolling of the thunder's chariot wheels. Then, like the belated traveller, she would gaze on death in fearful nearness, and shudder at the sight. But generally her spirits, though hurried, were gay; and in her large dreamy eyes a strange unnatural light would gleam, more like the lurid glare that lights corruption than the cheerful beam of day. At last the time arrived when the answer of Olive must be signified in form to her titled lover: further delay could not be made, for the aristocratic lips of the noble Earl had muttered something like *ill-used*, and Lady Frances' ambition speedily took the alarm. Olive listened in silence.

"To-morrow," at last she said very slowly, "to-morrow he shall be answered!"

"And why not to-night, Olive? This is childish coquetry. Think you the Earl of Derwentwater is to be trifled with as a rural Phyllis treats her swain? Remember he is one of England's oldest Peers."

"Were he the mightiest of earth's sons, as he is one of the most insignificant, he should not receive it earlier! Mother," continued Olive, with startling energy, "urge me no farther! Both you and he will have my answer soon enough."

As a man who has played and toyed with a lion's whelp, and found it ever obedient to his will, starts terrified to see the savage nature suddenly break out, and flies before the thing he hitherto controlled, so lady Frances beheld with wonder and alarm the roused passions of her child assert their superiority. Erect she stood, her dark dilated eye fixed firmly on her mother; her form, from which Canova might have learned to chisel, braced rigidly and stern; one hand instinctively put back her falling hair, the other pointed in cold impassive silence to the door. Lady Frances obeyed the mute behest, and Olive was left alone. Long—long she stood, as might have seemed some inmate of the buried cities, who even in the moment of high resolve had found beneath the flowing lava a living tomb. At last the trance was dispelled. She lifted her clasped hands high above her head, and exclaimed, "Ay, the hour is come. Now—now." Hurriedly she caught a pen from the standish, and traced a single line on paper. As she wrote the clock struck seven. "He cannot receive it until his return—then—oh, God, be merciful unto me!"

Alas! we pray for mercy even when we wilfully turn from mercy's God! And the votary of passion called upon Him at the very moment when immolating herself beneath the car of the idol for whom she had forsaken her early faith.

She rang impatiently; her maid and confidante appeared and received the note. "See that he has it, Morton—it is perhaps your latest trouble. Do this one office, my good girl, and then if you will, rest for ever! And, Morton—mark me—I must be alone to-night. Should Lady Frances or my brother ask for me, say I am ill—sleeping—dead. Oh, soon may the last be true. Now go—leave me to my rest——*my rest!*"

She was obeyed. Bolts and bars secured the entrance door of her chamber, a private one leading to a servant's staircase remained unfastened—a large cloak and calash lay beside her. Flinging herself upon a sofa, she exclaimed—

"Eight—nine—ten o'clock—three hours more of suspense, and then to know my fate!"

* * * * * *

A play had been that night commanded by royalty, and of course the house was thronged with the nobles of the land.

The tragedy was a translation from the celebrated Sylla, which Talma had made so famous in France; and glorious that night was the personation of the actor. He looked indeed the very ideal of Byron's Sylla:—

"The Roman when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart
In savage grandeur home."

So deep, so enthralling was the illusion, that when the curtain fell sighs and tears were the only plaudits, until the relieved heart could throw off the powerful spell. At the door of his dressing-room Hannam was met by an officer in attendance on the King, who presented him a gold snuff-box as a token of the pleasure afforded to his sovereign, accompanied by a few gracious words expressive of the royal admiration. The actor bowed, returned a suitable and manly answer, and hastened to disencumber himself of the stage habiliments. Long and loud now rang the shouts in front; and as is usual at the representation of a new piece, the public favorite was called forth to *act* in *propria persona* equally as he had just done in an assumed one. At the moment, when divested of his Roman garb, Hannam was preparing to obey the *vox populi*, his own servant put a note in his hand. It contained a single line only, yet it acted like electricity on his nerves. Dashing through the crowd of friends assembled to congratulate him, and almost overturning the astonished manager, he bounded to the stage door, and in an instant was in the street. Applauses soon turned to hisses with the amiable public. And when tired of both, they applied themselves to enjoy a pantomime with the same zest as they had before relished the classic tragedy, whilst the object of their exclamations was rushing through the streets, until he reached the house where he resided.

Alone in the sumptuous drawing-room a female form was seated. "In the name of God, Miss Etherington, what can have brought you here?"

She dropt her mantle. There was a fearful expression on her pale brow. "Forbear," she said. "I come to speak, and not to listen. Say you nothing, for there are voices whispering to me that will be heard: and they tell of wounded pride—lost honor—and forgotten peace; and to them responds a fearful chorus, made up of laughing scorn and *wedding bells*. Oh! I have listened to it for so many hours till my heart and brain vibrated to its fearful music, that I can hear nothing now—nothing—nothing!"

"Miss Etherington let me take you home. There we will speak on what you will. Here you must not—here you *shall not* stay."

"Home!" she said wildly, "I have none. I have left it—left it for ever! Let go my arm—you shall not drag me back."

"For your own sake, lady, I must summon a female here; for the love of all you hold dear, Miss Etherington, let not a stranger see you thus!"

Loosing her hand from his, she dropt at his feet.

"Have mercy upon me! If I am lost to honor and to pride, it is not *you* should tell me of it! If the whole world scorn me, with *you* my madness should be sacred. I love you. My heart—my brain is bursting with anguish. Save me from the horror of these nuptials. Give me but leave to be your slave, and I will follow you through the world, and live upon your smile! Do not despise the extremity of my misery. See, my knee is on the ground!"

As she spoke she fell prostrate; overwrought nature gave way, and a long and deathlike swoon followed the terrible excitement. There she lay, like a beautiful statue fallen from its base; like a scarce blown lily, which the storm has smitten. Her long luxuriant hair swept round as if it mourned for her; and on that breast, whose loveliness might have moved a cherub's envy, there arose nor pulse, nor swell. Hannam raised her gently, and applied restoratives to summon back the life which seemed departed. If for a moment his resolution wavered as he gazed, what stoic or philosopher shall dare to blame him? If for once he prest those cold pale lips with a kiss—

The first—the last that frailty stole from faith
On lips where love had lavished all her breath—

who shall promise for themselves that they would not have done the same? When she became conscious, he laid her quietly on a sofa, and kneeling by her side, with calm and gentle words at length compelled her hearing.

"You are now laboring under a strong excitement, and to that alone do I impute the words you have this night uttered; yet if for a moment I could presume to hazard a contrary supposition, would Miss Etherington make a villain of one whom she honors with her regard? Would she have her brother's friend take the advantage of his trusting confidence? Could she contemplate for a moment the disgrace—the sorrow such a step would entail upon her name, and not shrink back from a rashness so appalling?"

A momentary cloud shadowed her face as he spoke, yet almost instantly gave way to returning energy. She would have spoken, but he gently staid her; and while a deep crimson suffused his own cheek he continued—

"Could Miss Etherington have done all this, still she would have made a sacrifice so tremendous at a worthless shrine—the heart she would seek is no longer mine to give—I love another!"

She started from the sofa.

"Pardon me, lady," he said, "the wound though painful, will be salutary. You will accept the deep regard, the full and fervent esteem of one who would be as a brother to you; and when this passing wind has ceased to ruffle the gentle waters of your soul, you will think on what has past to-night as a disturbed vision—a dream in which your fancy alone has acted, while your reason slept. Lady, let me conduct you hence."

She gave him her hand without a word. Steadily and slowly she arose, gazing on his face as though magnetic influence fastened her eyesight there; then in a low impressive tone she said, "Hark! I hear those bells still,—but they have changed their note—they ring for a wedding yet—but the bridegroom is Death!"

* * * * * *

Brightly and beautifully dawned the morning, when Olive Etherington was to plight a hand without a heart to the most noble Earl of Derwentwater; and lest any one should be mistaken enough to suppose that this proud peer wooed her for her loveliness and youth, we may as well state that a rich West India merchant, a distant kinsman to the Earl, and an old friend of the late Mr. Etherington, had upon his recent decease willed an immense legacy to the Earl if he married the daughter of his ancient friend, if not, it was to endow a hospital. This bequest was unknown to Olive, but thoroughly understood by her worldly mother, who thus certified that love had no share in her future son-in-law's attentions, was still willing to sell her only daughter for a coronet.

But little change had been visible in Olive since that eventful night; at times she would mutter to herself, and mope alone, but such fits of dejection were ever followed by a proportionate glee and thrilling exultation. None doubted that she was happy—how should they? Was she not to be united to an Earl? On the eventful morning she seemed more than usually calm; her bridesmaids decked her in satin and blonde—they wreathed her dark locks with a profusion of pearls, and confined the veil over her bosom with a star of diamonds worthy to blaze on the tiara of an Empress. So far from appearing careless of these adornings, she

* This is a true tale, the scene of which was Paris, in spite of the alterations made in name and country. I doubt not it will be easily recognised by all such as remember the tragical occurrence. We have not now to learn how much stranger is truth than fiction.
L. H. M.

more than once suggested an improvement; and when art could add no more to beauty, she arose and surveyed herself in the mirror with evident pleasure.

"So! the bride is not unworthy—the victim is adorned! Hark! *the bell* has ceased ringing, and the hour is at hand!"

"What bell, Olive?" asked her mother.

"Do you not hear it? Oh, its tones are heart's vibrations! Its music far sweeter than the song of night, when all the stars dance in joy to the melody! It tells of a brighter, better land, where love is happy, and the heart does not break!"

A special license permitted the ceremony to take place in the drawing-room of their mansion. The Right Reverend Bishop stood with the opened book—the stately bridegroom held the magic ring—the crowds of congratulating or envying spectators filled the farthest corners of the spacious rooms, which flashed with satin, gems, and gold. Exulting with joy and towering in pride, the haughty mother receives the whispered salutations; her still noble brow is circled with a bandeau of rubies, which glance not with a less burning lustre because they are the price of a daughter's peace. One face only wears a troubled expression—the heart of the brother distrusts his sister's joy, and clouds his open features.

Now, the clock has struck. The crowd opens. Attended by her bridesmaids, and leaning on her brother's arm, the bride appears; her veil conceals her features, but every movement of her figure is grace, and a distinct hum of admiration sounds through the room. The hassocks of crimson velvet are placed, and the mother's hand puts back the lace from her daughter's lovely face. The holy words begin, when a laugh—loud, loud and triumphant—peals thrillingly through the room. God! how that strange sound filled every breast with fear: it is repeated—and even more maddened is its tone! Came it from the bride—that wild, unnatural mirth? It did—it did. The young—the lovely—courted bride, is now a maniac.

* * * * * *

A few years after, as the gay crowds who thronged St. James' Chapel to hear a fashionable preacher, passed up the main aisle, their satin slippered feet trod over a plain slab of marble, engraven with the name of Olive Etherington. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well; and amidst all his public fame and private happiness, a deep sadness would cross the heart of Hannam, when he thought on the early fate of passion's victim.

If she lov'd rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape. Let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own Avenger.

Southern Literary Messenger for Sept.

English Sporting Intelligence.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

By Mr. Tattersall.

Brood Mares, &c., the property of T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Gs.
Fortunate, by Whisker, out of Fortuna by Comus	160
Virginia, by Figaro, or Buzzard, out of Treasure	130
Persian, by Whisker, out of Variety, the dam of Circassian	50
Georgian, by Buzzard, out of Variety	20
Torelli, by Cerberus, out of Miss Cranfield	16
Tiara, by Soothsayer, or Castrel, out of Pope Joan	40
Variety (Circassian's dam), by Selim, or Soothsayer	26
Fanny Davies, by Filho, out of Treasure; with engagements	140
Miss Maltby, by Filho, dam by Cervantes, out of Legacy	50
Fidelity, by Whisker, out of Fortuna by Comus	100
Flush, by Blacklock, out of Loo by Waxy	20
Circassian, by Sultan, out of Variety	195
Corset, by Whalebone, out of Sultana, sister to Sultan	200
Yearling Filly, by Vanish, out of Tiara	33
Yearling Filly, by Vanish, out of Variety	53
Yearling Colt, by Beagle, dam by Emilius, out of Torelli	47
Filly, two yrs old, by Vanish, out of Fidelity	11
Colt, two yrs old, brother to Reuben	23
Beagle, a bay Stallion, by Whalebone, dam, Auburn	97
The property of G. Osbaldeston, Esq.	
Ebberston, four yrs old, by Velocipede, dam by Partisan	68
Black Filly, four yrs old, by Velocipede	11
Filly, two yrs old, by Brutandorf, dam by Lottery	12
Bred by Alexander Nowell, Esq.	
Yearling Filly, sister to Margrave (Oaks 1839)	42
Yearling Filly, by Muley, out of Bequest, (Oaks 1839)	73
Yearling Filly, by Muley, out Stratherne's dam (Oaks 1839)	40
Yearling Filly, by Muley, out of Orville	46
Yearling Filly, by Longwaist, dam by Muley	52
Yearling Filly, by Bustard, dam by Muley	21
Engaged in the Derby, 1839.	
Yearling Colt, by Muley, out of Prima Donna	130
Yearling Colt, by Muley, out of Dulcamara	180
Yearling Colt, by Muley, out of Tarick's dam, by Godolphin	120
Yearling Colt, by Muley, dam by Comus	220
Yearling Colt, by Muley, out of Queen of Hearts	125
Yearling Colt, by Muley, out of Lacerta	205
Yearling Colt, by Muley, out of Solace	51
Yearling Colt, by Bustard, out of Laureola	245
Yearling Colt, by Bustard, out of Venus	60
Yearling Colt, by Longwaist, dam by Orville, (no engagement)	85
The property of Noblemen and Gentlemen.	
Mare, by Blacklock, dam by Delpini	20
Yearling Colt, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Blacklock	87
Brown mare, Ulrica, by Sherwood, out of Miss Wentworth	150
Yearling Filly, Expedition, by Velocipede	18
The Shah, 4 yrs old, by Sultan	55
Brown Colt, 3 yrs old, by Waverley	38
The property of Geo. Walker, Esq.	
Constance, a bay Filly, 2 yrs old, by Partisan, out of Quadrille	28
Yearling Colts, with their engagements.	
Coryphœus, by Emilius, out of Quadrille, by Selim	76
Greasley, by Langar, out of Pauline, by Moses	320
Kremlin, by Sultan, out of Francesca, by Partisan	200
Lepidus, by Emilius, out of Cotillon, by Partisan	240
The property of R. Lumley, Esq.	
Bay Mare, Trinket, by Tramp, dam Tiara, by Soothsayer	50
Grey Mare, by Falcon, dam by Waxy, grandam by Bobtail	25
Bay Mare, by Catton, dam by Comus	80
Bay Mare, by Whisker, out of Otterington's dam	15

By Mr. Bolton.

Bay mare, by President, 30 guineas; brown horse, by Young Phantom, 70 guineas—bay mare, by Akarius, 70 guineas—chesnut mare, by Langar, out of Amana, 46 guineas—bay filly, by Vanish, out of Moselle, 21 guineas—bay horse, by Brutandorf, 50 guineas—bay horse, 7 yrs old, 42 guineas. A great number of others were offered for sale, but the demand for horses being exceedingly small, few purchases were made.

By Mr. Tilburn.

Rein Deer, a chesnut gelding, by Catton, 7 guineas—Fencer, a chesnut gelding, by Langar, 41 guineas—Gambler a chesnut gelding, by President, 38 guineas—brown hack mare, 5 years old, 14 guineas—brown colt, 6 yrs. old, by Royalist, out of Candidate, 10 guineas—chesnut gelding, 5 yrs. old, 25 guineas—a gray pony, 23 guineas—black gelding, 13 guineas—brown mare, 9 guineas—Pestilence, a chesnut gelding, by Cleveland, 80 guineas—bay gelding, 6 yrs. old, by Grey Thornton, dam by Sir Lancelot, 50 guineas—gray mare, by Revenue, out of Jerry Hawthorn's dam, 25 guineas—brown mare, 7 yrs. old, 51 guineas—chesnut mare, 6 yrs. old, 25 guineas—bay mare, 6 yrs. old, by Confederate, dam by Amadis, 30 guineas—brown gelding, 46 guineas—chesnut mare, 50 guineas—bay colt, 3 yrs. old, by Brutandorf, dam by Whisker, 50 guineas.

The sporting men of Birmingham have this (the 4th) year been indebted to Mr. W. Wrighton, the spirited proprietor of the Fountain Tavern, New-street, for the result of the St. Leger race, by private express. Mr. John Bendrey rode the distance, 94 miles, in six hours and a half, with six horses. We think they cannot do less than present him with some testimonial of their sense of his extraordinary exertion and public spirit.

Burke, who rode 17 miles under the hour, on Friday fortnight, on the Halesowen road, from Birmingham, states that the same horse shall, within three months, complete the same distance under the hour, for any sum.

A pedestrian feat was performed at Barnstaple on the 2d inst., by a Wiltshire man who undertook to walk 14 miles in two hours. The ground was a marked mile from Pilton-bridge to Newport road, which he traversed seven times each way, and accomplished the task within about five minutes of the time. The poor fellow, we understand, depended upon public generosity for his reward, and offered to run 11 miles in one hour if his exertions were met with liberality; but the "voluntary principle" failed, and he declined the task. We are credibly informed that the same man once beat the mail from London to Bristol, by 15 minutes; and he has offered, for a stake of five guineas, to run 14 miles within an hour. Exeter Post.

The Duke of Rutland and party killed 684½ brace of grouse on the Longshaw moors, from the 12th Aug. to the 11th Sept.

The following is given in a provincial journal as an account of one of the heats at the Cambridge races last week:—"One horse went a little way, another a little further, the third went nearly to the distance-post, and the fourth came quietly in to the winning post!"

The French Method of Feeding and Preparing Horses for the Course.—The following are the general means resorted to for preparing race horses for the course, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, the Prince de la Moskowa, and the most celebrated characters of France. Translated from an authentic document:—

1st. To give the horses as many oats as they can eat. The usual quantity must be gradually increased to 17 litres (or 17 French lbs. of 17¼ ounces English) per day, which can be given to horses without any dangerous results.

2d. Horses may be allowed 10lbs. of hay per day; but the quantity of hay must be regulated in proportion to the consumption of oats—the more oats the less hay.

The hay and oats should be given to them in small quantities three or four times a day, with as much water as they may require.

Those horses which should become heated by being thus fed (which may be known by their refusing to eat, by the retraction of their flanks, and the hardness of their dung), should have a moisture of barley meal, bran, and water, given to them in the middle of the day.

With reference to the exercise they require, they must be walked out for one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening, or at one time for two hours together. They must first be permitted to walk, and their speed gradually increased to a gallop, without suffering them to start at first at their full speed, which would cause fatigue.

By having recourse to this moderate mode of exercise the power of their muscular force and the energy of the lungs are increased—thus enabling the horse to run a race with swiftness, without losing their wind.

In exercising horses, whether at a walk, trot, or gallop, horses of an ardent or fiery spirit should be calmed and subdued; while horses betraying a spirit of an opposite character (cold or lazy), should be excited, though treated with kindness.

In the event of horses becoming too fat, they must be occasionally sweated by the following means:—

1st. By keeping their bodies well covered in a close and warm stable.

2d. By exercising them under one or more horsecloths.

In either case the sweat must be scraped off, when they must be rubbed dry with straw, and then again well covered up, and placed in a warm stable.

The proprietors of race horses frequently, for several days before the running, reduce their supply of water to only one or two litres (a litre being one pint and three quarters English) per day. This plan, when adopted, not only causes great suffering to the animals, but renders them liable to be afflicted with the most serious and baneful disorders.

It is known that many jockies are in the habit of administering certain drugs to horses [the composition of which they affect to make a great mystery of,] for the purpose of increasing their speed; but the adoption of all these artificial means can only impose upon those persons who have but little knowledge of the organization and structure of the animals.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF RACE HORSES.

All sporting has been thrown into consternation by an annunciation that the Royal Stud would be sold off at Hampton Court on the 25th of Oct. Twenty-two members, chiefly noblemen, of the Jockey Club, had sent in a remonstrance against the measure to the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne.

Hood has taken advantage of the incident in the following characteristic stanzas:—

Petition to her Majesty for Preserving the Royal Stud at Hampton Court.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I.

Liege Lady! all the nation's in high dud-
geon that Lord Melbourne's brains should be so muddy,
As to advise you to sell your royal *stud*,
Which to preserve should be your royal *study*.

II.

Poor nags, you would not in your stable find
Like cavalry of Evans called De Lacey—
No! I do rather hope your royal mind
Is naturally fond of something *racy*.

III.

Pray, what has Hampton done, that you should trounce ill-
naturedly its prancers and its sport?
You have a breed of *asses* in the *council*,
Do keep a breed of *horses* in the *court!*

IV.

His truth, who says that you should sell them, fails;
Believe, my lady liege, he tells a crammer;
You'll set your people biting all their *nails*,
If you put up your horses to the *hammer*.

V.

I like these money-turning Whigs indeed,
Who into coin change everything they're able.
You're just installed, and they would sell *the steed*—
It doesn't make me think they're very *stable*.

VI.

I dare say they believe they're very knowing;
I think they're close to their official shelves;
And when they set the horses "going, going,"
It's nearly time they should be gone themselves.

VII.

The nation quite in Hampton Court rejoices;
What! sell its stud of steeds beyond all praise?
Nay, shout the people with indignant voices,
And the stud echoes with a hundred *neighs*.

VIII.

Then sell them not, dear lady, I implore ye;
Of tears 'twill set your people shedding floods;—
I'll tell you what'll make 'em all adore ye,—
Kick out your ministers and keep your bloods!

Sir Mark Wood's brood mares, horses in training, yearlings, foals, &c., will be sold at Hare Park on Saturday in the second October meeting, by Messrs. Tattersall. There will be five or six and twenty lots.

Tom Tit, twelve hands two inches high, is open to run anything in the world, of the same height, two miles, for 50*l*. All under the height will be allowed weight for inches. If no acceptance within a fortnight he will shortly be sold at Messrs. Tattersall's.

Match against Time.—A sporting butcher of Nottingham, named Cartledge, having stated that he had a horse ten years old and lame of a leg, that he could back to go from Mansfield to Nottingham in fifty minutes, a match was made, which came off on Friday week, when the "lame un" accomplished the 14 miles in 44m. 16s. The animal some years back was a known good steeple chacer, but having had the cap of his near knee knocked off, his leg became shortened and crooked. Notwithstanding this, he galloped in good style, and did not appear the least distressed upon the accomplishment of his task. He was beautifully ridden by a son of the owner, of the same age as the horse.

Pedestrianism Extraordinary.—In consequence of some difference of opinion respecting the physical powers of the human frame, and what might be accomplished if a man felt inclined to exert himself as a pedestrian, Edward Bryant, of the Pottery, Parson's green, Middlesex, undertook, for a considerable bet, to walk sixty miles in twelve successive hours, and Wednesday was appointed for the performance of the feat, on the King's private road, Chelsea, from Mr. Steed's, the Man in the Moon Tavern, to Stanley-bridge, a distance of half a mile. Previous to the event coming off, as it is termed, this match excited an unusual degree of interest throughout the sporting circles in all parts of the metropolis and the suburban districts, but among the betting men it afforded "numerous events" to lay out their money upon, according to the best calculations they could make on the subject. The qualities of Bryant operated so strongly upon the feelings of his friends that they felt satisfied he could win, although at the same time they were ready to admit that such an Herculean attempt, from the intense heat of the weather, was enough to try the constitution and strength of a giant, and would prove a trying sort of a match; but the cautious portion of sporting characters, the betting men of the *doubtful* gender, and supporters of the "field" who prefer generally a number of chances for their books, stuck, for a variety of reasons, to the "common enemy," who never veers to the right nor to the left, but with an unerring and steady pace observes the greatest regularity in all his movements, denominated "Time," as the best sort of chance towards winning. Eight o'clock was the hour named for starting, and at that period there was a pretty strong muster of the admirers of pedestrianism, which increased towards the completion of the match. However, the preliminaries for starting were soon settled between the parties appointed to watch the proceedings of the match. The chronometers of the umpires being set and locked up, Bryant prepared to start, and was dressed in light white trousers, dispensing with the incumbrance of his coat and waistcoat. The first eighteen miles he accomplished in three hours, and at various times in the day he halted for the purpose of taking refreshment. At twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock, he came in, having completed the unrivalled performance in eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, thirty-five minutes to spare, without being in any way distressed, and so fresh was he at the termination of the undertaking, that he could have walked another ten miles without any difficulty, and bets to this effect were offered, but there were no takers.

Pedestrian Match against Time.—Henry Mould, the Norwood newsman, is backed to do 42 miles in six successive hours, on the 27th instant, over a measured mile, on the Camberwell New-road, to start at 12 o'clock.

PUGILISM EXTRAORDINARY.

The long-looked-for match between *Thin Ned* and the *Harper* came off rather unexpectedly a few days ago on a spot mutually selected, and under circumstances that call, perhaps, for little explanation—both as to the cause of the misunderstanding between the parties, and the sudden issue of the affair.

It was discovered some time back that Thin Ned paid very marked attention to the Harper's lady, which attention it was manifest to all observers was not thrown away, but was acknowledged with interest. The Harper either could not or would not see this; but the secret being whispered in his ear, he unhesitatingly called the invader of his domestic peace to an account, and the preliminaries were determined for the parties to *go out* as soon as they could *come out*, and at the demi-cannon's mouth to settle the dispute, and perhaps each other into the bargain. This, however, was rendered unnecessary by the disputants meeting by accident, and agreeing to terminate the business off-hand, the Harper's lady undertaking the office of umpire. Accordingly seconds were appointed, a ring was formed, and every arrangement was made for immediately concluding the affair. The men entered the area of combat, threw up their castors, stripped, tied their respective colours to the stakes, and after the ceremony of shaking hands, set-to.

Round 1—No two combatants could be more fairly matched—it was weight against weight, science against science. They looked confident and "eager for the fray," and came to the scratch bent on mischief. Much cautious sparring, however, ensued. Ned filed a bill of discovery in the direction of the bread-basket, but was answered by a demurrer in the shape of an estoppel, but no return. Caution again the order of the day. "Go to work," roared a cove in a half shirt. The hint was taken, and the Harper let fly at the knowledge-box of his adversary, who returned the compliment on the left ogle. The combatants closed, and after alternately *fibbing* each other to the tune of "strike the *lyre*," Ned threw the Harper. Three to two on Ned.

Round 2—The men appeared at the scratch little the worse for wear. "Go at his ivories, Ned," whispered the Harper's wife. Ned did not *Wayte* for a second hint, but drew an incisor with all the skill of a dentist. Ned in return, however, napped a teizer in the victualling office, when the rate of exchange rose rapidly and rather in favour of Ned, who made himself up for mischief; and after weaving his adversary, threw him severely. Two to one on the 'Thin 'un."

Round 3—Bellows to mend the order of the day. Harper's upper works somewhat damaged, but he appeared still fresh, and smiled as he faced his opponent at the scratch. Ned having given the office to his friends, who looked upon their man as a winning card, offered two to one to any amount. The round commenced with what was pronounced on all hands a beautiful display of science. After several harmless exchanges, the men countered severely on each other's mugs.—"How are ye off for vinder tax?" asked a man in a pea-soup jacket. Ned began now to display manifest superiority; he hit his man completely to a stand still, and finished the ball by an electrifier on the Lundyfoot depot of his adversary, which floored him "clean as eightpenny brown." Angela Burdett's fortune to her father's political consistency on Ned.

Round 4—The *Harper* turned *piper*. "In vat quarter's the *vind*, Bill?" inquired a knowing one from "Vitechapel?" A spirited set-to commenced, but the *Harper* had quite changed his tune, and was getting weak. Ned now had it all his own way, and complimented his opponent in every direction. The round was closed by what the Harper's lady, (!) called a "sarve-him-right quietus" on her husband's "conk," which spun round like a humming top, and the owner himself on the ground, just able to articulate "enough."

REMARKS.

The *set-to* was upon the whole excellent, and displayed the scientific attainments of the men to the best possible advantage. From beginning to end Ned was in the ascendant. He took the lead in the first round, and kept it all through. The Harper's wife was delighted that her gallant was victorious, and in the presence of the spectators tied her husband's fogle round Ned's neck, surmounting it by her own, as the token of triumph. Ned was scarcely *pinked*, and the principal injury sustained by the Harper was on the forehead, on either side of which appeared a protuberance resembling the early shoots on a calf's head. Mrs. Harper bound them over with a handkerchief, declaring with great emphasis that she was ashamed to see her husband thus disfigured—qualifying, however, her good wishes by laconically exclaiming, "it sarves him right." Thus terminated an affair which has been a nine days' wonder in the extensive district of St. George's-fields, and which appears wound up to the satisfaction of all parties.

Satirist.

The Royal Stud.—"The fine old English gentleman," Sir Francis Burdett, has taken up a subject which falls peculiarly within the province of that noble class which, alas! is now becoming almost "one of the olden time." The Honourable Baronet has addressed a letter to Viscount Melbourne, remonstrating with him, against the projected sale of his late Majesty's Royal stud at Hampton Court. The importance of retaining this appendage to the Crown, he shows, by the fact that the Russian and French Governments are anxious to purchase it; nay, that even American agents are in this country looking after it.—Why then is it to be sold? We believe that it is because it was the *private* property of the late King, and is therefore wanted to discharge legacies. Then let the Government purchase the stud; or let it retain the stud, and pay the good old man's legacies. Sir Francis Burdett has, however, more than hinted that Government will do no such thing; and for the most characteristic reason—the breeding a fine race of horses is peculiarly an English interest, as is also the keeping up the efficiency of the navy; therefore as the latter has been neglected by Ministers, so must we expect that the former will be discouraged. But let the Jockey Club set the example, and there will soon be subscriptions enough to purchase the stud—there is not a country gentleman in England but what will contribute towards attaching the Royal stud of Hampton permanently to the Crown.

Age.

Swimming Match Extraordinary.—A match in the above healthy exercise was appointed to come off on Wednesday last between a member of the theatrical profession, residing at Hackney, and Lord "Varney Figsby." According to the agreement, the parties were to have met at Strand-lane, at six o'clock on the day above mentioned. Some time previous to that hour his Lordship, attended by one or two friends, was seen walking up and down the spot appointed for the meeting, evidently in that "lily liver'd" state so well pourtrayed in Macbeth, expecting the clock to sound the long wished for hour of six. About that hour his antagonist, the prompter of a fashionable little theatre, not a hundred miles from Somerset House, made his appearance, apologizing in the most handsome manner for his seeming neglect. Before he had time to cool for the plunge, however, "my Lord" stripped, swam a few strokes, returned to the shore, landed, and claimed the stakes, on the ground of the "prompter" not having been sufficiently "prompt" to time. The stakeholder refused to pay over the "requisites" till after he had broken his fast. All then repaired to Godfrey's, the White Lion, Drury-lane, where, after a hearty meal, the price of which was deducted from the stakes, he awarded the balance between the competitors, declaring the wager to be drawn.

Copenhagen, the Charger that Carried Wellington at Waterloo.—"He died last year," says Miss Mitford in her 'Country Stories' just published, "at the age of 27. He was, therefore, in his prime on the day of Waterloo, when the duke (then and still a man of iron) rode him for seventeen hours and a half, without dismounting. When his Grace got off he patted him, and the horse kicked, to the great delight of his brave rider, as it proved that he was not beaten by that tremendous day's work. After his return this paddock was assigned to him, in which he passed the rest of his life in the most perfect comfort that can be imagined; fed twice a day (latterly upon oats broken for him) with a comfortable stable to retire to, and a rich pasture in which to range. The late amiable Duchess used regularly to feed him with bread, and this kindness had given him the habit, (especially after her death) of approaching every lady with the most confiding familiarity. He had been a fine animal, of middle size, and of a chesnut color, but latterly he exhibited an interesting specimen of natural decay, in a state as nearly that of nature as can well be found in a civilized country. He had lost an eye from age, and had become lean and feeble, and, in the manner in which he approached even a casual visitor, there was something of the demand of sympathy, the appeal to human kindness, which one has often observed from a very old dog towards his master. Poor Copenhagen, who, when alive, furnished so many reliques from his mane and tail to enthusiastic young ladies, who had his hair set in broaches and rings, was, after being interred with military honors, dug up by some miscreant (never I believe discovered) and one of his hoofs cut off, it is to be presumed for a memorial, although one that would hardly go in the compass of a ring."

Lucky Leap.—The gentleman who is the owner of that fast-sailing Yacht, the Lady Louisa, of Exmouth, was agreeably surprised on Tuesday morning last, on going aboard, to find a fine salmon of about eight pounds weight, which had leaped into the Yacht and could not escape; what renders it extraordinary is that the Yacht was at anchor in the Bight and surrounded by other boats and vessels, and is a place of great bustle and activity.

In the Mayoralty of Sir Peter Perchard a beautiful sturgeon was caught in the Thames, and presented to his lordship as lord of the manor and conservator of the river. It is usual to give five guineas fee to the person who catches the royal fish; but the sturgeon caught upon the occasion we allude to cost his lordship ten guineas. Miss Perchard, when she saw the sturgeon swimming about in a large tub, said to her father-in-law, "Pa, don't kill that beautiful fish that came so far to see you." "What the d—l am I to do with it, then, my dear?" said his lordship. "Why, you have given five guineas for it, and let me have the satisfaction of saving its life," said the young lady. "Very well, my dear, do as you please with it," said Sir Peter. The fish was that evening taken by the water-baliff opposite to the tower and dropped into the Thames. About two days afterwards a Gravesend fisherman knocked at the Mansion-house door and presented a sturgeon to the Lord Mayor, who considering himself obliged to maintain the dignity of the mayorality in every respect, ordered five guineas to be given to the bearer: but what was his surprise upon finding tied to the gills, a small medal, with "Peter Perchard, Mayor," upon it. His daughter alone explained the mystery to this genuine alderman of the old school.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1837.

NEW-YORK JOCKEY CLUB SECOND FALL MEETING.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

The prospect of sport on the first day of the meeting was quite indifferent, it being understood that two nominations only in the sweepstakes would start, and that neither of the match colts were in condition. Under such circumstances a general attendance could not have been expected, and in fact it was meagre enough. The day was fine, and the track in good order—two facts we are almost ashamed to confess when compelled to record that the mile heats were run in 1:53—1:57, and the two mile heats in 3:56½—4:04. The ball was opened with the match, mile heats, for $5000, between the Virginia filly *Gift* and the Maryland colt *Henry A. Wise*. The filly was the favorite at long odds, the colt being fairly trained off his legs. Indeed, he has made better time this season with his shoes on than he was able to do to-day. His owner tells us his usual stride is from 23 to 25 feet, but to-day he never stretched himself under whip and spur over 18. The odds after the 1st heat were dollars to shillings on the grey filly. Henry A. Wise had the track on starting, but Gift outfooted him and took it on the first quarter, winning the heat and subsequently the race with ease.

Of the four nominations in the sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, two mile heats, two only came to the post, Mr. NEWBOLD's imported Mulatto filly having injured herself on the night previous in her stable. Of his two nominations, Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS chose *Antoinette*, and Mr. HARE's *Champagne* was her only competitor. Antoinette won the 1st heat with so much in hand, as to be backed freely at odds for the race. She did not appear "*out*" in any part of the heat. The 2d was a different affair: Champagne locked her on the first quarter, and maintained his place to the hill on the 3d, his rider "doing his prettiest" with hand and heels. At this place Antoinette's rider alleges that Champagne hit her; whether he did or not, owing to some unusual occurrence the filly lost the bits out of her mouth, and ran out the heat with them quite on one side, so that the boy had no command over her. She cut across the track of the colt inside of the draw-gate, so as to break his stride, and defeated him by a length without much difficulty, he going all the while under whip and spur. The charge of foul riding being immediately preferred against Antoinette's jockey, evidence was heard by the judges, and the decision of the majority was that she be declared distanced, and the stakes given to Champagne. No blame was attached to the boy in the affair, the foul riding on his part being not only unintentional, but in a degree unavoidable, as he had no control over her. Before the bits of the bridle were drawn through her mouth, however, the boy had once before taken the track from the colt in a careless manner, and we presume this fact had its effect upon the judges in their decision. The judges were JOHN MINOR BOTTS, Esq., of Va., WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., and COMMODORE RIDGELEY, the President of the Club. Summary :—

TUESDAY, Oct. 31, 1837—Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft. Weights, 90 and 87lbs. Mile heats.

Col. John Heth's gr. f. *Gift*, by Greybeard, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs...	Jem Gloster	1	1
James B. Kendall's b. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam, 3 yrs.		2	

Time, 1:53—1:57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. c. *Champagne*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy............	David.	2	1
Robt. L. Stevens' b. f. *Antoinette*, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins...............		1	*

Time, 3:56½—4:04. * Distanced for foul riding.

SECOND DAY.

A very fine day, track ditto, but no attendance, and no races. It was understood on the previous evening that the match up for this day would not come off, and the entries for the purse excited little interest, it being doubtful whether one of them *could* start, and still more so whether another *would*. It has been pretty well understood in certain quarters for some time that the Brother to Post Boy (in the match for $2000) could not be whipped around the Union track, though he is not a bolter on any other. On this ground an offer of $500 to $100 was made on Tuesday evening, that he could not run round the Union course in two minutes, and not accepted, though his owner was present. Thus much had the public to expect of the match. Of the entries for the purse, (Tom Moore, Middlesex, Red Rat, and Lucy,) it was well known that Middlesex, with the rest of Capt. Stockton's string, had been down with the distemper since the Spring meeting; little reliance, therefore, was to be placed on him. Red Rat was so lame at Baltimore that his owner drew him after he was entered, since which he had run at Camden; he was known to be complaining, and of course it was extremely doubtful whether he would come to the post. Lucy, the 3d entry, was considered of "no account" however she started; and after she came upon the track, and half a dozen attempts to get her off were made, offers to take long odds were current that she bolted *into the Judges' stand!* Tom Moore was the only horse in the race in tip top condition, and his appearance when stripped reflected great credit upon young CONOVER, his trainer, who brought his horses on the track throughout the meeting in superb form. Tom, "the immortal Tom," was the favorite at odds against the field.

Half a dozen false starts took place before they got away, in one of which Tom and Middlesex ran quite round, and did the mile, too, under two minutes, notwithstanding both were taken in hand on the last quarter, and galloped through to the stand. Lucy could not be got off "any way they could fix it," without she was allowed to go tail first. After a long delay, she finally made a go of it, and "a precious go" it was. She made about four jumps, and bolted; before she got to the draw-gate she threw her rider, and came near breaking his neck instead of her own, as every one wished she might. The boy picked himself up unhurt, and Lucy took herself off. The heat was well contested by Middlesex, but Tom had the race in hand, and led from the tap of the drum, winning handily in 3:48. Middlesex was then drawn, and the *racing* for the day was over! Here's the record :—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1—Match, $2000 a-side, $500 ft., Two mile heats.

Robert Tillotson's ch. c. *Brother to Coronet*, (by Henry, out of Medoc's dam, by Imp. Expedition.) 4 yrs. 104lbs., received forfeit from Samuel M. Neill's b. c. *The Devil*, own Brother to Post Boy, (by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc,) same age.

SAME DAY—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and 7 and upwards, 126lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares, fillies, and geldings. Two mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, 6 yrs..........................	Gil. Patrick.	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. *Middlesex*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancy by Alfred, 5 y		2	dr
J. I. Snedecor's gr. f. *Lucy*, by Henry, 4 yrs..........................		bolt.	
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. c. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs...........		dr	

Time, 3:48.

THIRD DAY.

The entries for the Three mile purse to-day excited great interest, and speculation was rife from the moment they were declared. *Tipton*, Col. WYNN's Luzborough filly, had the call, and considerable sums were laid out on her vs. the field, by the Southern party. Henry Moore, Bonny Black, and Gipsey, made up the field. In several circles Henry Moore was heavily backed vs. Tipton, while he and Bonny Black vs. the other two was considered a good thing to be let into. The day was so cold and windy that the attendance was not so general as might have been anticipated; every one had heard of the *racing* on Wednesday, and made up their minds to wait for the entries on the great FOUR MILE DAY, Friday, whereby they lost one of the most interesting and beautiful races we ever saw.

Tipton drew the track and Gipsey the outside; after three or four attempts to start, these two got away, and the drum was tapped, leaving Bonny Black and Henry Moore behind. The two first named made the running, Henry Moore waiting upon them in hand, while the orders to Jim Jewell on Bonny Black were, not to make a stroke for the heat. Tipton led about a mile and a half, when Gipsey challenged, and after a severe rally came in front. On the back stretch of 2d mile Henry Moore made a burst to try the foot of the two mares, but was ordered to be taken up when they came to the half-mile post. Tipton outfooted Gipsey up the hill—took the track, and was never headed, winning by several lengths, the others pulling up within the distance.

Tipton's friends now laid it on thick, 100 to 25 being the current offer vs. Bonny Black, and 2 to 1 against both the others. Great difficulty again occurred in starting, and the judges finally sent off Gipsey and Bonny Black in front. Tipton caught up the running like a quarter nag, and secured the track in 200 yards, and maintained it to the back side of the track on 2d mile, where Bonny Black caught her. The scuffle was exciting; the black mare's strength told up the hill, but the Luzborough gained her advantage in the descent. The pace now improved, and they passed the stands and swung round upon the back side at a slashing rate. Here Henry Moore bade Gipsey good bye and lapped Bonny Black; in a moment the three were abreast. Gil. Patrick (*Post Boy's* old jockey) on Henry Moore, played off the old game at the "north corner," by shaking off the two mares and coming home at a killing pace, beating Bonny Black by a scant length, Tipton a fair 2d, and Gipsey just within the distance. Time of the heat, 5:57, the 1st mile of it over 2:00. The first heat 5:54.

Henry Moore was now the favorite at odds, though a strong party laid out their money on Bonny Black. He led off at a racing pace, Tipton running 3d and very unkindly, the false starts (which she mainly occasioned) having made her restive. On the 3d quarter of the 2d mile Bonny Black collared the Henry colt—they were neck and neck at the gate, and as they flew past the stand seemed as inseparable as the Siamese twins. When they reached the backside the sight was beautiful; the stride of each was the same, and you saw but one horse. The excitement among the spectators was immense, and as the two came round upon the straight side home, in a dead lock, the knees of Jem and Gill. jostling each other, the air was rent with shouts. Onward they came at a flight of speed, each finessing for the advantage; whips and spurs were at work. "The mare's ahead!" "No, Henry has got her!" "Go it, Gill.! 2 to 1 on the game chicken!" "Done! Give her the spurs, Jem!" "Here they are!" "A dead heat!" "No, Henry Moore's ahead!" as he clearly was by eighteen inches when they passed the stand, though the judges pronounced it a dead heat.

A more intensely exciting race has not been seen for years; the spectators involuntarily held their breath, and "you might have heard a pin drop" during the desperate struggle inside the gate. Tipton came in 3d, merely running to save her distance, which Gypsey lost, being "no where" at the finish.

The betting was now entirely between Henry Moore and Bonny Black. The former was most in demand, the black filly having just returned from a jaunt to Baltimore. Henry Moore gave up the track, and was taken in hand at the start, leaving Tipton and Bonny Black to cut out the work. Tipton led the first mile and a half, and then resigned in favor of Bonny Black. On the 4th quarter Tipton came up and tried it on again, and the pace mended; the two carried on the running to the half mile post on the 3d mile, where Henry Moore was directed to "take the lead and keep it," which he did, contesting every inch of ground home, lapped by the fillies on each side! This heat was about as interesting as the previous one, all three coming in under whip and spur "amidst tremendous applause," Henry Moore winning by a scant half length, and a dead heat between Tipton and Bonny Black!

It was worth making a pilgrimage to see such a race. Though the time in the aggregate was not extraordinary, the two last miles of each heat was up to the mark. No one was willing to cut out the work, and it was not until after the 1st mile in either heat that the entries went to work in earnest.

After so splendid a contest, a Mile race between three such nags as Lady Hope, Tarquin, (in his present condition,) and Niblo had little attraction. Niblo won the 1st heat, though Lady Hope could have outfooted him easily; she distanced him the 3d, and won that and the 2d without a struggle. The record of a very capital day's sport is annexed :—

THURSDAY, Nov. 2—Purse $400, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, the dam of Tom, Mark, Hamilton, and other Moores, 4 yrs...........	Gilbert Patrick.	4	1	0	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. f. *Tipton*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Director, 3 yrs...		1	3	2	0
John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Bonny Black*, by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 4 yrs..........................		3	2	0	0
Hamilton Wilkes' ro. m. *Gipsey*, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, own sister to Medoc, 5 yrs..........................		2	4	dis	

Time, 5:54—5:57—6:05—6:14. Two dead heats.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

J. I. Snedecor's b. f. *Lady Hope*, by Mon'th Eclipse, d. by Oscar, 4 y....	S. Ludlow.	2	1	1
Hamilton Wilkes' br. h. *Tarquin*, by Henry, out of Ostrich, Decatur's dam, 6 yrs.		3	3	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Niblo*, by Mark Richards, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs........		1	2	dis

Time, 1:52½—1:55—2:02.

FOURTH DAY.

The shouts of thousands are still ringing in our ears, as we employ the brief time before the mails close in giving our distant readers a few hurried details of THE MOST SPLENDID RACE EVER MADE IN AMERICA! The laurels won for the North by *Eclipse* have been torn from her brows by *Lady Cliffden* of the South. The victory was nobly won. Every inch of ground was so desperately contested, that next to winning, the greatest pleasure in life appeared to be in losing. Three of the nonpareils entered—*Picton*, *Lady Cliffden*, and *Fanny Wyatt*—were in condition to run for a man's life, and three better nags were never stripped on a race track. *Mingo*, the fourth entry, was complaining, the tendons in his near fore leg being much swollen, but "he was entered and start he must, if on three legs," remarked his gallant owner in the morning. Hereafter we will attempt a description of the race; after the intense excitement attendant upon it has subsided—an excitement in which all participated—we hope to be better prepared to give the particulars of a contest, to which no pen can do adequate justice. It was a race that will be remembered by each of the THIRTY THOUSAND persons who witnessed it to their dying day, and its history will go down through all time as one of the most fiercely contested and glorious victories ever achieved by a High Mettled Racer and his honest rider.

The day was beautiful, and the reputation of the entries was such as to attract an immense concourse. The public stand, which holds 3000 persons, was crammed two hours before one o'clock, (the hour of starting), and thousands upon thousands covered the roofs of houses, the fences, and tops of carriages.—Every "bad eminence" commanding a view of the course was densely thronged with eager spectators. The Jockey Club Stand, with the inclosed space in front, was filled with the members and turfmen from a distance; half the Clubs in the Union were represented. The Ladies' Pavillion was occupied in part by the Indian Chiefs, now on a visit to the Government, who had the Italian Brass Band in attendance. By the way, they appeared wonderfully delighted, and are said to have considered this the only rational amusement they had witnessed among the *pale faces!*

The Race.—Picton led off at a moderate stride, with Lady Cliffden second, Mingo third, and Fanny Wyatt 4th, all going in hand, but lying close up. This position was maintained nearly to the hill on the third mile, when the field closed, and after a smart rally Lady Cliffden and Mingo changed places. Mingo, however, came second to the stand, Picton leading easily; the pace was now awfully severe. When they reached the half mile post LAIRD ordered Jack to take Mingo in hand, and Fanny Wyatt went up with a rush that left him and Lady C. a long way behind. A rattling brush ensued up to the distance stand; but the Luzborough colt outfooted Fanny, and won with ease, having led from end to end, in 7:44—the best four mile heat ever made by a 3 year old in America. Fanny pulled up at the distance stand, and galloped through, while Mingo and Lady Cliffden, by keeping up their rate, came first to the Judges, and are accordingly placed 2d and 4th.

Before the first heat Mingo was the favorite at 100 to 80 vs. the field, and immense sums were laid out. Gen. IRVINE would now have drawn him, but that he was aware he was very heavily backed. It was the opinion of "the Napoleon of the Old Dominion," that he would be distanced, and offers to take 5 to 1 of the fact were current. The average of the odds now was about 2 to 1 vs. Picton, 3 to 1 vs. Fanny Wyatt, and 4 to 1 vs. Mingo or Lady Cliffden. All blowed out strong; no one in the field discovered any symptoms of distress.

Second Heat—After two ineffectual attempts they got off together; Picton again took the lead with Mingo close us, the other two going sweetly in hand. On the back side Lady Cliffden mended the pace by lapping Mingo, who at once went up to Picton; a smart brush ensued to the termination of the mile, when Picton once more let the daylight in between him and Mingo. Picton cut out the work the 2d mile with a stroke that no one cared to improve, but up the straight side home Mingo made another dash at him, and they were head and shoulders at the Stand; Picton threw him off at the turn, but true as steel, though a crippled horse, he collared him again on the back side of the third mile. Lady Cliffden and Fanny crept up near them at the hill, bent on mischief. A tremendous struggle ensued, which lasted quite to the draw-gate, when Lady Cliffden came in front and passed the stand ahead, Picton 2d, and the others close up. The deadly strife between Mingo and the Luzborough phenomenon would have taken the go along out of anything but first-raters, of unflinching game. Picton never gave back an inch, but George Nelson now brought Fanny Wyatt into play; to cut down Picton and grapple with Lady Cliffden was the work of an instant. The two fillies left the horses as if the latter were standing still; Lady Cliffden had the track, and Gill Patrick on her back, two circumstances very much in her favor; but she had the heat to win yet. From the bottom of the hill to the last turn the struggle was terrific; heels were busy and whip hands at work. As they came to Mr. STEVENS, just below the draw-gate, Lady Cliffden had a slight advantage, and he unfortunately called out to George to pull Fanny back, which he did, and Lady C. won the heat by about two lengths, in 7:43½. Mr. S. had all the time been watching Picton and Mingo, never thinking of Lady Cliffden, who, of all the horses in the field, was least thought of by the crowd.

The result of the heat caused great fluctuation in the betting; Mingo was thought to have used up Picton, and aside from him it was anybody's race.—Mingo's third heat, in 7:47, was remembered, and notwithstanding his "game leg" many of his old friends would not hedge. Fanny Wyatt was rather the favorite, though she had made the running in both heats. All sweated freely and cooled off well.

Third Heat.—Lady Cliffden made strong running from the score, with Mingo at her saddle-girth, and the others close up. The four were lapped as they came to the stand, and a sheet would have covered them throughout the 2d mile. The excitement was immense, and if possible was increased when, on the 3d mile, Fanny Wyatt went up on the other side of Lady C. She was a head and neck clear of them, having Mingo on the inside, and Fanny on the other, with Picton close up, waiting for an opportunity to take the place of the first one that gave back. "Go along," was the word, but little Gill. was so beset as to have no use of his whip-hand, so he clapped in both gaffs, while Jack and George were "doing all they knew" with whips and spurs. They maintained their several places at a killing stroke to the hill on the 4th mile, where Mingo cried enough, and little black George (*alias* Noncrum) took Picton in hand. The brush between the two fillies down the hill and round the semi-circle was beautiful, and when they swung round upon the straight side it was impossible to say which had the advantage, nor was it perceptible until they came to the distance stand, where Gill. Patrick caught his mare by the head, pulled her well together, and furiously dashing in the spurs up to the rowel-heads, finally brought her home about half a length in advance, Picton 3d, and Mingo 4th, both well up.

We regret to say that Mingo pulled up dead lame; he was started in the second heat at this risk, as his owner was fully aware, and Gen. IRVINE assured us after the race he was utterly broken down. It was a proud day for Col. WYNN, who bred two of the best horses in the race, *Picton* and *Fanny Wyatt*. This was Picton's fifth race this Fall; he is the very picture of a race horse and a gamer or more sumptuous looking colt never made a track. Col. SELDEN was congratulated on all sides on the brilliant victory achieved by Lady Cliffden; the intelligence of it will make the heart of her chivalrous breeder (Gen. EMORY, of Md., now in Europe,) leap for joy. We should delight to convey it to him. Fanny Wyatt has won imperishable honors by the style in which she contested each heat. She and the winner will "meet again at Philippi."

After 7:44—7:43½—7:56½, there will be little room to doubt the truth of our remarks last week that trainers and horses had alike improved within two years. The present race throws in the shade the performances of the "cracks" of previous years, and is in many respects superior to the match between Eclipse and Henry. Picton to-day led from end to end, without being crowded, in 7:44, pulling up inside the distance stand: not a turfman on the ground doubts his ability to have done it in 7:40. His performance is the chiefest feather in the cap of imported Luzborough, and will go far to settle the question whether the imported stallions can get four mile winners.

We remarked in a previous paragraph that to-day's race was the most splendid one ever run in America. Let us compare it with Eclipse and Henry's over this track, which to this day has been unparalleled :—

	ECLIPSE & HENRY.	LADY CLIFFDEN & FANNY WYATT.
First heat....................	7:37	7:44
Second heat....................	7:49	7:43½
Third heat....................	8:24	7:56½
	23:50	23:24

From which it appears that Henry's first heat was seven seconds better than Picton's, and that the time of the first two heats of that memorable race was a second and a half better than that of the first two heats to-day; but that the time of the three heats of to-day's race is in the aggregate better by *twenty-six seconds* than that of Eclipse. The press is waiting, and we only add the summary, intending to revert to this astonishing race when we have more leisure to do justice to it.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Jas. M. Selden's (of Md.) ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson by Ratray, 4 yrs.......................... Gilbert Patrick.	4	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's (of Va.) b. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.......................... George.	1	4	3
John C. Stevens' (of N. Y.) ch. f. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs.......................... Geo. Nelson.	3	2	2
Samuel Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's, of Pa.) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs.......................... Jack.	2	3	4

Time, 7:44—7:43½—7:56½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. c. *Manalopan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs..	1	1
W. McCoun's b. c. by Paul Clifford, 4 yrs..........................	2	2
S. Laird's b. m. *Jane Maria*, by Henry, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs...............	3	

Time, 1:52—1.54. Won handily.

THE BEACON COURSE RACES NEXT WEEK.

The new race track at Hoboken having been completed, owing to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. BROWNING, the resident proprietor, the first meeting on it will commence next Tuesday. The course is within ten minutes walk of the Ferry. The show of horses will be immense, as the Southern stables here, and several others from New Jersey, besides those of Long Island, will be in attendance. The stand will confortably hold from 10,000 to 15,000 persons, and the bill of fare each day will be uncommonly attractive.

Cocktail Clodhopper, the "Singed Cat" of South Carolina.

ORANGEBURGH, (S. C.) Oct. 34, 1837.

MR. EDITOR,—I observe in your paper of the 30th ult., under the head of "On Dits from South Carolina," a mistake with regard to the age, location, &c., of *Clodhopper*, which deserves correction.

Clodhopper was purchased from a drove of horses in the Fall of 1835 as a *three year old*, with the best certificate of age accessible in *such cases*, and as good as can be produced in any case, viz., the *marks* on his teeth plainly denoting him to have been foaled in 1832; his mouth has since been examined by the proper officers of several most respectable Jockey Clubs, and his age pronounced correct. He will of course run as a *five year old* in the approaching races.

He is decidedly one of the finest cocktail geldings in the country, and supposed to be by Bertrand, out of a mare by old Bedford (of Kentucky), or out of a mare by Gallatin. Your Columbia correspondent would have him to run as a *seven year old!* But, Mr. Turfman, although his friends may be of opinion with the English Jockey, "that the only difference between cocktails and thorough-bred horses is that the cocktails are a *little* the best," would it not be *rather severe* work for him to carry two years' weight extra and contend with your thorough-bred ones?

I have lately seen a Kentuckian who relates the following:—Several sportsmen from that State were here during the last campaign, and thinking that a drove horse purchased for $150 could stand no chance with the cracks, were soft enough to drop against him more of their loose change than was perfectly agreeable. Some of them on their return to Kentucky (where he was bred), endeavored to obtain certificates of his being a year older than entered for, but *failed*. And whenever Clodhopper's name was mentioned at public places, nothing was more common than to hear several voices exclaim, "D—n Clodhopper!" The crowd would laugh and enquire, "What, did he *bite* you?"—"Yes; he has bit me for $500, d—n him!" "What, has he bit *you*, too?"—"Yes, d—n him, for a thousand!" &c. &c.

Your Columbia correspondent, I hope, has not been *very badly bitten* by him; but if he has been, he will probably have a chance to see some others bitten in the same way during the ensuing campaign. Clodhopper is now in Capt. ROWE's stable, (where he has been for some time past,) as fine as velvet, and firm as India rubber, together with *Leannah*, a good one to go, and up to the mark, a fine Argyle colt, and one other.

Dr. GUIGNARD has *Gabriella*, a beautiful mare, moving finely, one other exercising with her, and a two year old for the next year. Yours &c.,

A FRIEND TO THE TURF.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the packet ship *Virginian*, we have received London papers to the 9th ult., from which we extract the following items of intelligence.

Doncaster St. Leger.—We have received a letter from the party alluded to last week as not having yet met his engagements, in which we are assured that arrangements are in progress to enable him to do so in a short time. Under these circumstances we do not think it would be proper to press the matter any further at present. Bell's Life.

We understand Mr. H. B. Chalon, animal painter to the late King, has just taken a faithful likeness of *The Colonel*, which was much approved of by the nobility and gentry who saw it during the time Mr. Chalon was painting him at the Royal stud.

Count Urbas, Master of the Horse to the King of Wirtemberg, made extensive purchases of valuable horses at Doncaster, which are to be sent forthwith to Germany.

On Thursday, a gentleman named Goldshead backed his mare to trot, in saddle, fifteen miles within the hour. The match came off on Sunbury Common, and attracted a goodly sprinkle of spectators. The mare lost by six minutes, a circumstance attributable to the bad riding of the groom, who, it is said, was knocked up at the end of five miles. We understand that the match was for £100 a-side.

Melton Mowbray.—There is every prospect of a splendid season at this place. Our correspondent says—

"Several large studs are already here, and getting into prime condition. Among them are Lord Macdonald's, Lord Rokeby's, Count Bathyany's, Sir F. G. Johnstone's, W. M. Stanley, Esq.'s, W. L. Gilmour's, J. Moore, Esq.'s, V. Mahre, Esq.'s, Captain Fendall's, &c. &c. The Melton (usually called the Quorndon) hounds have commenced cub-hunting with great success. The hounds, hunted by Mountford, are in excellent condition, and the foxes are very abundant, so that there is every prospect of plenty of good and excellent sport to look forward to. It is now finally known that R. Errington, Esq., the master of the hounds, intends to sojourn at Melton. The Duke of Rutland's and Lord Lonsdale's hounds have met with great success, and these together, it is hoped, will cause Melton to sustain its high character. Of the Marquis of Waterford nothing has been heard, but it is hoped he will forgive and forget."

Mr. R. Burn, jun., under twenty years of age, a son of Mr. Burn, bootmaker, Piccadilly, who last year walked from London to Doncaster in three days, and returned in the same time, completed the same feat in these last Doncaster races. In the two first days he walked 126 miles.

The great Pedestrian Match for 50 sovereigns, to pick up 300 stones one yard apart, between the veteran Townsend and Mountjoy, will come off at the new course round Lord's cricket ground on Monday, Sept. 25, Townsend undertaking to pick up his 300 stones off the ground with his mouth (as he did in his first great match with Drinkwater), and Mountjoy picking up his 300 stones from the ground with his hands. They start at nine o'clock in the morning.

Sparrow Shooting.—On Friday, a match was shot by Messrs. Browne and Tynte, for a rifle and silver powder flask, near the Hyde on the Edgeware-road. The number of birds given to each was 100; the distance of the trap 23 yards. Mr. Tynte was the first to try his skill. He winged 77, hitting very nearly the whole of the first 50 that were sent up. Mr. Browne's method of proceeding was different, 17 out of his first 50 making their escape seemingly untouched.—He, however, scored the greatest number, hitting 81. His last 30 were brought down in capital style.

The attacks on the Marquis of Waterford are unjust. We have the best authority for saying that with all his eccentricities, he has an excellent heart, is a good landlord, indulgent to his tenants, a patron of the Arts, and, above all, charitable to the really deserving. Bell's Life.

Projected Hippodrome at Paris.—The success which has attended the establishment of the Hippodrome, at Bayswater, has induced some of the speculative Parisians to think seriously of a similar undertaking in the capital of France. In order to raise the necessary funds for such an enterprise, a public company is spoken of, and it is expected that the members of the Jockey Club, who will be patronised by Louis Philippe, the Duke of Orleans, and several other distinguished personages, will immediately take the management of the affair into their own hands, and that the shares will be issued as soon as the necessary arrangements can be effected for the purchase or hire of the ground, &c.

The Marquis of Waterford has arrived in town, and is as fresh as "a two-year old," although he still bears the mark of the Bergen "topper."

A noble lord, well known in sporting circles, and to whom as many good sayings have been attributed as to Talleyrand himself, was waiting at Staines the advent of Ascot races, when feeling a want of some excitement, his lordship sent for a couple of fishing rods, and challenged his companion to a gudgeon match, a pony a fish.

The Drury-Lane orchestra has been increased to ninety-six musicians, the largest number ever yet engaged in an English theatre.

The Covent Garden company has been christened the "legitimates," and the Drury-Lane company the "illegitimates," which induced Peake to say, that as the Drury company were *illegitimate*, the public would *naturally* come to see them.

On Thursday, Mr. Alexandre Dumas read a new tragedy entitled Caligula, to the actors of the Theatre Francais. The piece is to be brought out as soon as possible.

A French paper says that M. de Beriot, the husband of the late lamented Madame Malibran, is about to marry the daughter of the French Consul at Brussels.

Miss Groves, the young lady of whose tragic powers the American critics spoke so highly, has arrived in London. Since she came to town she has become the wife of Mr. Edwin Yarnold, a well-known *ci-devant* performer. It has not transpired at which house she means to come out.

Bochsa, with Madame Pasta, Curioni, De Begnis, &c., have given concerts at Liverpool, Chester, &c., with success.

Mrs. Munden, relict of the celebrated comedian, died on the 20th inst., aged 83. Mrs. Manden was formerly an actress of considerable merit, and has written several pretty vaudevilles, &c. Her memory was remarkably retentive, and she was well acquainted with theatrical matters for nearly seventy years back; she performed all the relative duties of wife and mother in a most exemplary manner, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her.

Warde, report says, is about to enter the holy bonds of matrimony with Mrs. Glover. With him, we suspect, it is a mere *matter-o'-money*.

Bunn's stage-manager for the ensuing season is Mr. Russell, celebrated for his personation of *Jerry Sneak*.

Leman Rede, the actor-author, is engaged by Yates in the stage direction of the Adelphi.

Macready is to pay 40*l*. per night for Covent-Garden, but to keep it open only during his own pleasure.

In Sheridan Knowles's forthcoming comedy, Miss Vandenhoff will make her first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre.

Liston is said to be in treaty with Webster for a series of last appearances at the Haymarket.

John Reeve continues to be seriously indisposed, and doubts are entertained whether he will be enabled to put his health "in order" in time for the opening of the campaign at the Adelphi. "Inimitable Jack is, we fear, a bad subject for a long illness: he must find dietetic restrictions agree very ill with his temperament.

"Have you seen the *Highland Calameran*?" [Cateron] asked a friend of Billy Lennox, slightly mistaking the title of the piece now performed at the English Opera House. "Not very lately," answered Billy, thinking the querist alluded to a Scotch lady of his acquaintance, for whom he was once supposed to entertain a *penchant*. The mistake was explained.

We much admire the charge made by the Americans, that "the low buffoonery of the English stage" is not tolerated in the States. We remember that when at the Drury-lane Fund dinner, "the American stage" was proposed, the exceedingly refined actor, T. D. Rice, was the individual who acknowledged the toast. The disgusting grossness of the man's performance may probably, in American eyes, be remarkably chaste and delicate; as the Esquimaux fashion of saluting by rubbing their greasy noses together is considered polished in the extreme. What is "the low buffoonery of the English stage" in comparison with Jim Crow?

"The great American tragedian," Mr. George Jones, is endeavoring to astonish the Yankees with marvellous stories of his transcendant success in this country. An American paper observes that "the name of George Jones will live in England as the first orator on the genius of Shakspeare." The devil it will! So George Jones and William Shakspeare are henceforth to be linked together throughout all generations! The memory of the immortal bard has been vastly exalted by this association; and we should not be at all surprised if George Jones was to publish an edition of his works with American emendations. Satirist.

Sweet and Sour.—Mr. Crockerton, the partner of Mrs. *Honey*, in the management of the City of London Theatre, is a dealer in *vinegar*.

Mrs. Stanley, the principal tragic actress at the Liverpool Theatre, has been engaged by Mr. Bunn to "lead the business" next season at Drury-lane. Forrest considered her to be the best *Lady Macbeth* on the stage. Sunday Times.

Paganini has been in Paris for several weeks past, living, not *incognito*, but in the utmost obscurity. Though the possessor of a large fortune, which he has invested in various continental banks, he has but one servant, and his expenditure seems to be regulated upon the most economical system.

The recent death of *Goliah* is not more regretted in Virginia than on Long Island, where he was best known. The circumstance excited increased feeling here as the week following his death Mr. Stevens lost his full sister, *Floranthe*. Goliah, we are glad to hear, leaves some capital stock behind him to perpetuate his name, and the reputation of his breeder, Walter Livingston, Esq.

A Match, Four mile heats, is made, to come off on the 23d May, 1838, over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, $5000 a-side, between the get of the Imported Stallions *Luzborough* and *Leviathan*, to name one of the following at the post:—

James Jackson names *Sarah Bladen*, the produce of Imp. Staughton Lass, and produce of Imp. Refugee, by Leviathan.
Thos. A. Pankey names *Piston*, the produce of Lady La Grange, and produce of Sally Hope by Luzborough.

John Holmes, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., has sold one half of his bay filly *The Wild Irish Girl*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Miss Tonson, by Mons. Tonson, 2 years old, to W. H. Bodie, of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., for $750.

Blue Black against any Nag in Georgia.

I will run Blue Black against any horse now in Georgia, over the Hampton Course, Four Mile heats, for $5,000 aside, Two Thousand Dollars forfeit—the horse to be named twenty days from date. The race to come off any set day in January. The day to be named when the forfeit is put up.

Augusta, Oct. 25th, 1837. M. L. Hammond.

☞ We understand that Mr. Hammond will in a short time take up his line of march for Columbia, S. C., to try a brush with Zoloe's Kentucky crack, Big John. People's Press.

MOUNT PLEASANT (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $200 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

M. C. Cary & Smith's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle	2	1	1
Evan Young's ch. f. *Paresite*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bagdad	3	4	2
Stokeley Donelson's bl. c. *Martin Van Buren*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal	4	2	3
W. H. Bodie's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Wonder	1	3	4
Thos. A. Pankey's b. f. by Merlin, dam by Stockholder	pd.ft.		
L. P. Cheatham's ch. c. *Chifney*, by Pacific, out of Roxanna	pd.ft.		
Wm. W. Gift's b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal	pd.ft.		

Time, 3:57—3:56—4:10.

The regular Fall meeting of the Maury County Jockey Club commenced, over the *Mount Pleasant Course*, on Wednesday, 18th Oct., and the annexed report is furnished by our special correspondent. The following gentlemen compose the

Officers of the Club for 1837.—President, Gen. Allen Brown; Vice President, L. J. Polk, Esq.; Secretary, Henry A. Miller, Esq. Timers: Thos. Eubank Leefe and R. M. Wynne, Esqrs. Judges: John Dawson, Esq., Col. Pellow, and John Gordon, Esq. Patrole Judges: Henry Hunter, D. D. McFall, John Wm. Clanton, and F. Zollicoffer, Esqrs. Distance Judges: John H. Webster and Evan Young, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1837—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Sub. $50 each, P.P. One mile out.

Henry Smith's gr. f. *Elizabeth Banton*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle	1
W. H. Bodie's ch. f. by Malcolm, out of Sodom	2
Robt. Smith's (John Holmes') b. f. *Wild Irish Girl*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Tonson by Mons. Tonson	3
G. W. Garrett's b. f. ——, pedigree unknown	dis
Thos. N. Williams' b. f. ——, pedigree unknown	pd.ft
L. J. Polk's br. c. by Stockholder, out of Black-and-all-Black	pd.ft

Time, 1:58.

The meeting commenced under the most favorable circumstances; the day was delightful, and the course in fine order. The ball was opened with the above sweepstake, consisting of six nominations, though only four made their appearance upon the course. The Wild Irish Girl had the track, and Elizabeth Banton the outside. With an excellent start they got off, the Malcolm filly leading, followed by Elizabeth, between whom the running was severe for the first half mile, when the Wild Irish Girl came into action, passed her competitors, leading them by several lengths; the contest was now exciting; those who had been backing Elizabeth against the field became rather anxious for the result. On approaching the distance stand the Leviathan took fright, and made a dead stop, which gave the race to Elizabeth Banton, the Malcolm filly second, and the Leviathan third, she losing the race by an accident, making the old proverb true, that there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip."

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Sub. $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

John S. Willis' bl. f. by Industry, dam by Ball's Florizel, 4 yrs	1	1
Samuel Mitchell's gr. c. by Sir Richard, dam by Carolinian, 4 yrs	3	2
J. G. G. Garrett's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Lyttle's Sir William, 3 yrs	2	dis

Time, 1:58—1:58.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $40, added; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Robt. Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, d. by Imp. Sir Harry, 5 y	1	1
James R. Bradfute's gr. h. *O'Kelly*, by Eclipse, dam by Financier, aged	2	2
Henry Smith's ch. c. *Logan*, by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	3	3

Time, 5:57—5:55.

Again a beautiful day, the attendance numerous, and the sport pretty fair. O'Connell made the running the first heat in good style, followed by O'Kelly, Logan laying back until the third round, when he made a push, but it was not there, O'Connell winning with ease.

Second Heat.—The running in this heat for the first mile was bitter, they were all in a crowd. O'Connell in the 2d mile cut them off, winning the heat and race with plenty to spare. The contest for the mastery between Logan and O'Kelly was severe, they making a good run together.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $200, ent. $25, added; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Henry Smith's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
Nimrod Porter's b. f. by Giles Scroggins, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:13—4:22.

No contest; Narcissa Parish won both heats without a struggle.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Purse $400, ent. $30, added; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Henry Smith's ch. g. *Ben Morgan*, by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	4	1	2	2	1	1
James H. Bradfute's br. h. *Compact*, by Merlin, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	3	3	1	1	2	2
Robert Smith's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs	2	2	3	dis		
Willis H. Bodie's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Wonder, 3 yrs	1	dis				

Time, 1:54—2:01—1:56—1:57—1:57—1:54.

First Heat.—The black filly had the track. After several attempts they got away, the Stockholder filly leading from the start, and won the heat in hand.

Second Heat.—Bodie again had the lead, and went off, the boy pulling. Near the first quarter he was thrown, and dreadful to relate, Ben Morgan came upon him and fractured his head; this threw an entire damp upon the sport. The Stockholder filly came in first, running the mile in 1:53; but owing to not having her weight Ben Morgan took the heat. The third and fourth heats were taken by Compact. In the fifth Ben again came into play; and although Compact made desperate efforts, Ben won the race in gallant style.

KEYSBURG (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1837. The following is the Secretary's report, from the *Russellville Advertiser*:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

F. W. Pankey's b. f. *Morgianna*, pedigree not given	1	1
L. P. Sale's s. c. *Santa Anna*, " " "	2	dis
Wm. Meade's gr. g. *Billy Booker*, " " "	3	dis

Time, 1:59—2:12.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Four subs. at $25 each, h. ft. One mile out.

J. T. Grimes' gr. f. *Mary Ellen*, pedigree omitted	1
J. H. Terry's gr. c. *James Monroe* " "	2
B. A. Prince's s. c. *Richard* " "	3
P. B. Terry's s. c. *Plaid* " "	pd.ft

Time, 2:01.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse $——, free for all ages; weights for 2 and 3 year olds as before—4, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.: mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

R. P. Starke's br. h. *General Cheatham*, by Stockholder, dam by Knowsley, 5 yrs.	1	1
B. Stubblefield's b. c. *Bradfute*, by Pacific, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	2	2
A. M. Lyle's b. c. *Rachel*, by Archie Jr., dam by Contention, – yrs	3	dis

Time, 1:51—1:54.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Jockey Club Purse $——, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

R. P. Starke's s. h. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Roc, by Duroc, 5 y.	2	1	1
A. M. Lyle's s. h. *Contention*, by Contention, dam unknown, 4 yrs	1	3	2
F. W. Pankey's gr. h. *Nick Biddle*, by Waxy, dam unknown, 4 yrs	3	2	3

Time, 2:04—2:08—2:10.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7—Match, $100 a-side, Mile heats.

Santa Anna	1	1
Billy Booker	2	2

Time, 2:01—2:06. Track heavy. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, *Secretary*.

A writer remarks that the Turf has its friends and enemies, its evils and its benefits. It must be a kind of balanced amusement, if this assertion is true. The horse is the noblest of animals, and ought to be encouraged, just as a pretty girl should be in her desire to dance and learn music. Confute that, ye grave and crying moralists. Picayune.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Capt. John S. Corbin's b. f. *Brookella*, by Brooke, dam by Timoleon	1	1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles	2	2
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Greensville	pd.ft.	

Time, 1:54—1:56. Track very heavy.

Said to have been an excellent race; 2 to 1 on Col. White's filly at the start. Won by Mr. Corbin's filly by a few inches only. A close and doubtful contest throughout. Had the gallant Col.'s marble been "a size larger," he would have "plumped the middle man from taw," no doubt, but his "pea" was rather *small*, and he got "fat."

[A Sweepstakes for untried 3 year old colts and fillies, up for this day, we presume did not fill, as no mention is made of it.]

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Poststake for 4 year olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at $200 each. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (I. H. Oliver's) b. c. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs	1	1
Capt. John S. Corbin's br. c. *Whig*, by Sir Charles, out of Star's dam, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:57—4:05.

Won handily by Charles Carter, as Whig broke down, running well up, in the 2d mile of the last heat.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—The Richmond Citizens' Plate, value $200, free for all ages; weights as before for 3 and 4 year olds—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124, with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; Two miles.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. *Childry*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs	1
Capt. J. S. Corbin's bl. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	2
Wm. H. Minge's b. f. *Susan Walker*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Alfred, 3 yrs	3
Wm. Williamson's b. h. *Billy Grumble*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs	4

Time, 3:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director, 3 yrs	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. c. *Darius*, by Sir Charles, dam by Playon, 4 yrs	3	2
Wm. H. Minge's ch. c. *Aaron*, by Sir Charles, dam unknown, 4 yrs	2	3
G. B. Poindexter's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 6 yrs	4	4
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, out of Merino Ewe, 5 yrs	5	5
Hector Davis' b. h. *Raleigh*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Hornet, aged	bolt.	
Capt. J. S. Corbin's br. f. by Red Rover, dam by an Arabian, 4 yrs	dr	

Time, 3:56—3:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—For a Plate, of $100 value, free for all ages; weights as before. Two miles.

Capt. John S. Corbin's b. m. *Lady Cheatham*, by Gohanna, dam by Twig, 4 yrs	1
Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. by Roanoke, dam by Philip, 3 yrs	2
G. B. Poindexter's ch. f. by Stevenson's Diomed, dam by Florizel, 3 yrs	3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. h. *Deceiver*, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs	4

Time, 3:59. Won easily.

A match was immediately made between Lady Cheatham and Col. White's colt, to repeat the same distance for $100, which resulted as follows:—

Capt. John S. Corbin's b. m. *Lady Cheatham*	1
Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. by Roanoke	2

Time not given. Won easily.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse $600, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's (S. M. Neill's) ch. c. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of O'Kelly's Arch, Tarquin's dam, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Wm. H. Minge's b. h. *Nick Biddle*, by Timoleon, out of James Cropper's dam, 5 y.	3	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged	1	2	3
Capt. John S. Corbin's bl. g. *Black Rabbit*, by Engineer, out of Sister to James Cropper, by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs	*		

Time, 8:01—8:05—8:24. * Black Rabbit broke down on 4th mile when a-head.

At no time since the revival of racing at Fairfield has so much interest been manifested in any contest, as in the one above stated. When Decatur entered the quarter stretch, leading Argyle, a continued thrill of gratification, a simultaneous burst of almost vindictive joy followed him from "the Cedar" to the Stand. I don't remember ever to have seen a multitude so much delighted with a result, as unexpected as it was wished for. The odds were 3 to 1 and 300 to 60 on Argyle *vs.* the field after the 1st heat. [Decatur lost 40 or 50 yards in the start, notwithstanding which, he run Argyle close up the 1st heat. The 2d and 3d heats he won "all to pieces," making such a clearance of pockets as has not been known since *Bascombe* "pickled the Duke" at Augusta in 7:44. Decatur is owned by Samuel M. Neill, Esq., of New York, who promises to bring him North next season.] C.

TAPPAHANNOCK (Va.) FALL RACES

Commenced over the *Mount Clement* Course, on the third Tuesday of last month. We are indebted to the officers of the Club for the annexed report, from which it will be seen that Col. John P. White is about taking upon himself the charge of the *Tree Hill Course*, near Richmond. The Colonel is so *au fait* with the duties devolving upon the proprietor of a popular course, and has so extensive a circle of friends and acquaintances in the sporting world, that we predict for him great success in his new enterprize, feeling assured that no exertions on his part will be wanting to deserve it. But to the report:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at $50 each, h. ft. One mile.

Wm. H. Tayloe's gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora, by Arab	1
James P. Corbin's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Arab	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles	3
The nominations of J. H. Cook, J. S. Corbin, and Robt. Ring	pd.ft

Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $150, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's br. g. *Sam Patch*, by Champion, dam by Contention, 5 yrs	3	1	1
Col. John P. White's b. g. *Switch*, by Whip, out of Miss Chance, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. *Mathew*, by Sir Charles, out of Paul Clifford's dam, 4 yrs	4	4	3
Jas. P. Corbin's (J. H. Cook's) b. f. by Hotspur, dam by Tom Tough, 4 yrs	2	3	dr

Time, 3:53—3:59—3:59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Jockey Club Purse $300, weights as before, Three mile heats.

Col John P. White's *Canary*, pedigree omitted .... walked over.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for a Plate valued at $100, free for all ages, Two miles.

Wm. H. Tayloe's b. c. *Oakley*, by Timoleon, dam and age omitted	1
Col. John P. White's br. h. *Alp*, by Rockingham, dam and age omitted	2
Wm. Williamson's ch. h. *White Lip*, by Gohanna, dam and age omitted	3

Time, 3:55.

On motion, the following resolution was offered, and *unanimously* adopted.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Club be presented to John P. White, for the gentlemanly manner in which he has performed all his duties as proprietor during the existence of this Club, and our best wishes attend him as proprietor of Tree Hill.

Resolved, That the above resolution be published with the report of these races.

E. R. Settle, *Sec. pro. tem.* (Signed) Wm. H. Tayloe, *Pres. pro. tem.*

Trotting at Cincinnati.—They have some "fast crabs" about these days in Ohio, and a good deal of attention is being paid to the improvement of trotting cattle. Here's the last flare up:—

SATURDAY, Oct. 14, 1837—*Brighton Course*, near Cincinnati, Ohio.—Purse $500, free for all Trotting horses.

Deaf Burke	1	3	1	Time	4:25
Sailor Boy	3	2	2	"	4:30
Cato	2	1	3	"	4:25

The track is just seven-eights of a mile in length.

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio) FALL RACES

Commenced on Tuesday, 17th Oct. The course was in fine order until the last day, when it was heavy, much rain having fallen the night previous, but the day was fine, and the course well attended throughout.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837—Purse $100, free only for 3 year olds foaled and raised in Ohio; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

John G. Harley's b. f. *Black Maria*, by Wehawk, dam unknown	2	1	1
John Davis' bl. g. *Black Beggar*, by Tariff, dam by Democrat	3	3	2
Wm. Sargent's ch. g. *Soft-heart*, by Randolph, dam unknown	1	2	dis
John NcNeil, Jr.'s s. c. *Hard heart*, by Botts' Sir Charles, dam by Walnut	4	4	dis
James T. Eubank's b. c. *Hickory heart*, by Roderick Dhu, dam by Whipster	5	5	dis
Armistead Duggett's s. c. *Hard-case*, by Marshal Bertrand, dam unknown	dis		

Time, 1:56—1:59—2:03.

This race excited unusual interest, Black Beggar being the favorite until the evening before the race, when it was understood he was off his foot. From this time there was much speculation as to the winner, Maria, Hardheart or Hickoryheart, no one believing Softheart had any chance, as he had been but a short time in training, and much too fleshy to repeat; but his performance shows he had no superior on the course, he having run Maria to the girth the second heat. The contest was entirely between Beggar and Maria the last heat, she winning by half a length. On the whole, this was the best colt race ever run on this course, the time being excellent, when it is borne in mind that this is one of the hardest courses to make time on, and a full mile in length.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

E. S. Revill's s. f. *Sally Red*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sir Archie, 3 yrs	1	1
John Ross's b. h. *Neosho*, by Tariff, dam by Highlander, 4 yrs	2	2
James T. Eubank's s. m. *Hetty Fowler*, by Rattler, dam by Dare Devil, 4 yrs	3	dis
John G. Harley's b. m. *Spark*, by Southern Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs	dis	

Time, 6:46—6:30.

In this race, by some mistake, Spark came in with only 112 lbs., and was declared distanced though she came in first. In the first heat all waited for each other until the last half mile, when they all made a rush for home. Spark came

in first, the filly at her throatlatch, the horse at the filly's girth, and Hetty Fowler a length behind. The second heat was won by the filly without a struggle.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats

E. S. Revill's b. c. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	2	1	1
H. Waller's (Miner's) b. m. *Jenny Deans*, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Mosely, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
John G. Harley's b. m. *Spark*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	3	dis	
James T. Eubank's s. m. *Hetty Fowler*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	dis		

Time, 4:20—4:30—4.12.

This race was contested from the stand, Jenny laying behind until the last quarter, when she passed all and won the heat with ease, Lorenzo well up.—The second heat Lorenzo took the lead, followed by Spark, Jenny laying back until the end of the first mile, when it was evident Spark was failing (one of her legs gave way), then Jenny made play to close up the distance she had suffered the horse to place between them, but she had placed herself too far off; when she came into the quarter stretch a desperate struggle ensued, but Lorenzo was not disposed to yield to the weaker sex, kept his stride, and came in a length ahead. The last heat was won by Lorenzo, who was never headed in the heat, winning in hand. They are both beautiful animals, of fine size, the horse being now nearly sixteen hands high, and will make *a regular built burster*.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Nathan Weatherby's s. h. *Sir George*, by Sweetbriar, dam not given, 6 yrs	1	1	1
James T. Eubank's b. h. *Metamora*, by Stockholder, dam by Indian, 4 yrs	3	3	2
E. S. Revill's b. m. *Meander*, by Sea Gull, dam by Whip, 5 yrs	2	2	3

Time, 2:05—2:04—2:05. Track heavy.

Meander was the favorite before starting, but she proved to be amiss and much off foot. All run the first heat to feel each other, but George kept his feelers before, and won the heat at the head of a severe brush. The second heat the mare and Metamora determined to win the heat if possible, both getting the start of Sir George; but at the end of the first quarter he came up, and they all run locked nearly half a mile; it was no go with the mare and Metamora, Sir George passed them at the head of the quarter stretch, and came in several lengths ahead. The last heat was won with more ease than the others.

Much of the *ready* changed hands on this race, and I still have some suspicion that I felt a *sensible relief* of the *weighty matters* in my own pocket after it was over. Yours, in haste, J. S. Burnam, *Secretary*.

BATESVILLE (Arks.) FALL RACES.

Our correspondent "N." has furnished us with an early report of these races, in a letter from Batesville dated the 6th ult. The scale of weights is rather peculiar, and we beg to suggest through "N." to the Batesville Club the propriety of their adopting the Virginia weights as an improvement.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1837.—Purse $200, entrance money added, with an inside stake of $2000 aside, between *Charline* and *Sir William*. Three mile heats.

Noland & Tunstall's b. f. *Charline*, by Pacific, dam by Grey-tail Florizel, 4 yrs 91 lbs	1	1
John Safford's b. h. *Sir William*, by Sir William, dam by Alexander, aged, 120 lbs,	2	2

Time, 6:24—6:20.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4.—Purse $137½, free for all ages. Mile heats.

John S. Loring's (George Allen's) ch. h. *Shark*, by Shark, dam unknown, aged, 120 lbs	1	1
Thos. T. Tunstall's s. f. *Margaretta*, by Bertrand Sen., d. by Hogg's Madison, 3y 77 lb	2	2
John S. Safford's s. h. *Sir John*, by Davis' Hamiltonian, out of Old Crop, aged	3	3

Time, 2:02—2:01.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5.—Purse $162½, free for all ages. Two mile heats.

John S. Loring's b. m. *Mary Ellen*, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention aged, 117 lbs	1	1
Thos. T. Tunstall's br. f. *Ella Wickham*, by Volcano, dam a *Scrub mare*	2	2

Time, 4:34—4:10.

SAME DAY.—Saddle worth $50. Mile heats.

Ephraim Frasier's b. g. *Tom Benton*	1	1
General Lee's b. c. *Fork of the Devil*	2	2
Thos. T. Tunstall's b. g. *Devil's Fork*	dis	
Abraham Allen's br. g. *Never Tire*	dis	

No time kept.

SAME DAY.—Saddle worth $30, bridle and martingale $10; the 2d horse, if not distanced, to take the $10 prize. Once round the track, being 110 yards less than a mile.

Mr. T. Denton's r. g. *Warping Bars*	1
C. F. M. Noland's s. f. *Kate Longworth*	2
John S. Loring's g. m. *Ozark*	dis

Time, 1.56.

The race between Charline and Sir William was one in which much interest was felt. William had the most friends, though the backers of Charline went it with a rush. The crowd was immense, and nothing seemed to mar the sport but the bad state of the track, caused by frequent rains. Just before twelve they were stripped: Charline was in beautiful condition, and too much praise cannot be given Cutlen, the yellow man, who trained her. William had been handled by Messrs. Loring and Mitchell; he looked lively and well, though I think he was a litte too high. The track was lapped 330 yards to make the full three miles.

The Start.—At the tap, both got off well, William on the inside. In running two hundred yards the mare collared and passed him; from that home she had it all her own way, the Roman Senator pulling her with all his strength. Wash. Mitchell, on Sir William, did all a rider could do; but as often as he tried it on it would not fit. Time—it was excellent, considering the horribie situation of the back stretch.

2d Heat.—Both nags had cooled off well, particularly the mare. They got off well; Charline had the track, and kept it until the commencement of the 3d mile, when by some accident the Roman brought her nearly to a stop; Wash. on William was wide awake, and gave her the go-by. Just then the crowd sent up a deafening shout—they thought it another edition of the Independence affair—the Roman touched her glossy side with the spur but once, and she shot by the horse on the turn, coming home several lengths ahead, under a hard pull. Time four seconds better than the 1st heat.

The second day's race no contest. The two mile day pretty much the same thing;—Ella Wickham sadly amiss. The contest between the Warping Bars and Kate Longworth was of doubtful result until the last moment, and won by scarce a length.

"Pete" and Jim Cole are here. The former told me he was going to give you a "*prime letter*." In great haste, yours truly, N.

FRANKLIN (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Officers of the Club.—Heny Baldwin, jun., Esq., President; James Swanson, Esq., Vice President; Dr. F. T. Reid, Secretary; T. K. Handy, Esq., Treasurer. Judges:—James Swanson, J. C. Southall, and the President.—Timers:—Hugh Kirkman, Samuel Ragland, Esqrs., and Dr. S. S. Mayfield.—Our special correspondent furnishes the annexed report:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 12, 1837—Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies, catch weights; four subs at $50 each, p p. One mile.

John Beach's b. c. by Malcolm, dam by Whip	1
John C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror	2
David Pinkstone's b. f. by Malcolm, dam by Leonidas	3
B. T. Nowlan's ch. f. *Miss Ripley*, by Malcolm, dam by Timoleon	4

Time, 1:56.

A beautiful and well contested race. The Pacific filly was the favorite against the field; with an excellent start they got away well, and from the pole they were all together until near the judges' stand, when Beach's colt passed all her competitors, winning the race amidst the acclamations of the crowd. The winner was afterwards sold to F. A. M. Sherrod, Esq., of Courtland, Ala., for $400. Mr. Irvine refused $500 for his Pacific filly.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Purse $200, ent. $20, added; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Robt. Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Imp. Sir Harry, 5 yrs	1	1
James H. Bradfute's b. h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, 6 yrs.	2	2

Time, 3.55—3:57½.

Harkaway was the favorite. O'Connell took the lead from the start, winning both heats by something to spare.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse $400, ent. $30, added, free for all ages; Three mile heats.

Jas. H. Bradfute's b. f. *Victoria*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Samuel Ragland's b. f. *Queen of Diamonds*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir Archie, 4 y	1	2	2

Time, 5:52½—6.09—6:07.

The Queen of Diamonds was the favorite, and was backed freely. The Queen had the pole but lost the track from a bad start; the ground she lost was quickly recovered, and she won the heat by several lengths. The Queen now was more than ever the favorite. Both cooled off well. Again Victoria had the lead and start by at least thirty yards, and her rider, *Jim*, imprudently ran her severely the first half mile, when she got up to her antagonist; they now ran locked together for at least a mile and a half, but the Queen gave back in the third round, Victoria winning this heat easily.

Third Heat.—They got away well together, and ran locked for a short time, when the Queen passed, Victoria laying well up: they ran in this position for the two first miles, when Victoria rallied and quickly passed. They came into the stretch home at a swinging pace, Victoria winning by two lengths after a severe contest.

ON DITS IN WESTERN SPORTING CIRCLES.

We are greatly indebted for the following and previous communications to a distinguished Kentucky Stock Breeder and Agriculturalist, and feel the more obliged by his courtesy, as we are aware of the multiplicity of his engagements. Perhaps no gentleman in that State has done more to improve the breed of Horses, Cattle, and Sheep, and the farming interest of the West is under great obligations to him for his untiring exertions in its behalf.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 21, 1837.

Mr. Porter,—The owners of good stock in Kentucky are about to publish a *Stock Book*. It will be got up in handsome style, and contain much original matter of great interest. I will send you one of our Books. There will be nearly one hundred prints bound in the body of the work, of the character of those I have sent to you to-day by mail. [Not yet received.] We have Troye busily at work, and are very fortunate in securing the services of Campbell, an artist of rare abilities, who does the drawing on fine-grained stone from Troye's paintings. You see it will be of the quarto size, and contain upwards of two hundred pages—new type and fine paper.

We had engaged Troye previously to seeing that he was wanted in the Eastern States, and so soon as he gets through with us, he will no doubt go where his services are most required, as he will probably continue to paint a year or two longer. Our neighbors in Ohio have expressed a wish to engage him; as yet the inducements have led to no engagements; but the spirit of improvement is moving steadily on, and I think his services will be required in the neighborhood of Chillicothe.

The Races here have just ended—a week of good sport. I send you the *result*, leaving the *descriptive* and *historic* part to those of more leisure.

Capt. Oliver was here with a part of his stable, intended for New Orleans; he had stopped at Louisville, from thence here. It was generally thought by our turfmen here that his horses were not in *right fix* for such severe contests as we generally have at Lexington. His amiable and gentlemanly deportment has made a very favorable impression on the Kentuckians, and secured to him many friends.

We have a new Jockey Club at Ghent, on the Ohio River, a beautiful situation, mid-way from Cincinnati to Louisville: a high and dry bottom of considerable extent, with a sufficiency of sand in the soil to prevent the track becoming hard. The location is a good one for the meeting of sportsmen from the Counties of Boone, Grant, Gallatin, Owen, Henry, and Trimble, being central and easy of access. I know of no better place for training stables; the expenses will be moderate, and being on the river, stock may be sent up or down with expedition. If Eastern and Western sportsmen participate in the amusements of the South, it seems to me that much of the training, the preparation at least, on account of economy and of health ought to be done in Kentucky and at Ghent, or some track not exclusively a clay soil. On this subject I should like to hear the views of Capt. Oliver, and others of experience.

A few sales of Blood Stock took place this week. Walker Thruston purchased of Childs & Davenport a b. c, *High Pressure*, 3 yrs. old, by Trumpator, dam by Jenkins' William, for $3000 cash.

Jo. Boswell & Co. purchased of Wm. Ferris a ch. c., *Jos. Bell*, 3 yrs. old, by Frank, dam by Little John, for $1500 cash.

Mr. Wilson, of Pittsburg, Pa., was here with a b. c., *Envoy*, 4 yrs. old, imported by Judge Wilkins, of Pittsburgh, and has placed him to make the next season with Mr. Griggsby, of Clarke County.

One of the owners of *Bertrand* (Mr. H.) informed me that he would remain at his old stand for the next season, limited to about 70 mares, at his old price of $100. L. S.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837—Match, $1000 a-side, Two mile heats.

James Lyndsay's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs. 86lbs	1
Thos. Barker's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Orphan, same age and weight	dis

Time, 3:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Jas. W. Fenwick's ch. f. by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer	1	1
Joseph G. Boswell's gr. c. by Medoc, dam by Bertrand	2	dis
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, by Bertrand, d. Budget of Fun by Kassina	3	dis
E. Blackburn's b. f. by Lance, dam by Whip	dis	

Time, 1:58—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages; weights, for 2 and 3 year olds, as before, 4 yrs. 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

R. Burbridge's b. c. *Bob Ewing*, by Woodpecker	2	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. h. *Jim Allen*, by Archy of Transport, d. by Hamiltonian, 5 y.	3	2	2
E. Warfield's b. c. *Celestion*, by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	3	dr
Robt. Mosby's b. h. *Bucephalus*, by Stockholder, dam by Knowsley, 5 yrs	dis		

Time, 3:48—3:53—4:02

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Joseph G. Boswell's b. c. by Trumpator	4	1	1
Mason Thompson's b. f. *Mary McFarland*, by Columbus	7	5	2
Rezin Jourdan's ch. f. by Muckle John	1	2	3
James Lindsay's ch. c. by Clodhopper	3	4	4
James K. Duke's b. c. by Buck Elk	2	3	5
Robert Burbridge's b. f. by Plato	5	6	dr
David Russe's b. c. by Bertrand	6	7	dr

Time, 1:53—1:54—1:55.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—*The Derby of Kentucky*, Jockey Club Purse $700, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 3 yrs	0	1	1
G. W. Tarlton's gr. c. *Wm. H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, dam by Doublehead, 4 y.	1	0	2
S. Davenport's b. c. *Greyfoot*, by Trumpator, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian, 4 y.	0	2	3
Geo. N. Sanders' ch. m. *Tolivia*, by Imp. Contract, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 5 yrs	2	3	dr
Y. N. Oliver's b. m. *Juliana*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Archie, 6 yrs	0	0	dr

Time, 8:41—8:10—8:12.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Willa Viley's b. c. *Dick Johnson*, by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 y	2	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. m. *Caroline Scott*, by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley	1	2	2
Mason Thompson's b. m. *Eliza Bailey*, by Columbus, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.	3	3	3

Time, 6.12—6:32—6.00.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES.

A *Second report* has been sent us by the Secretary, giving us some interesting particulars of the races, a succinct report of which we published on the 21st ult., page 284. As the Oakland Course is considered the "Newmarket of Kentucky," we make room for Mr. Tarlton's letter, without re-publishing our first report.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 9, 1837.

Mr. P.—Herewith you have a report of the different races over the Oakland Course, commencing on the 3d inst. The two races on this day (two sweepstakes) were very interesting and well contested, the track being dry, but light on the top. The first was won by *Duckwest*, and the second by *Josephine*.

The 2d day, three mile heats, was not so interesting, though before starting great sport was expected. Enceiro, Caroline Scott, Gov. Morehead, Senator, and Conflict were entered. Caroline Scott was the favorite. The old tried horse Enceiro, from Virginia, was viewed with suspicion in the contest, particularly should the heats be broken. They all put off at the tap of the drum in handsome rate until the last half mile, when Caroline put out for home, where she arrived first some distance ahead. They all cooled off finely, and was summoned to the stand by the bugle; the boys were mounted, and at the tap of the drum off they went. The expectation then was that the horses would all contest the heat, with a view of running Caroline down. Conflict took the lead, as he had the first heat, the balance close up, and Caroline behind, taking it as easily as possible, with a view to a brush home down the stretch. On the last quarter she came out of the crowd as in the first heat, and won easily. Enceiro let down in the last mile, but saved his distance.

From the entries for the third day (two mile heats, Lady Green, Eliza Bailey, Jim Allen, Mary Jones, and Burbridge's Woodpecker filly,) fine sport was expected; but about daylight it commenced raining, and continued very heavily until about half after one, which made the track extremely muddy, and many places covered it with water. They were summoned to the track at about two o'clock; at the tap of the drum off they went, Eliza Green ahead, the balance close up. The second mile Mary Jones made up to Eliza and passed her, Jim Allen close at her heels. As they played off around the turn into the stretch for home, a severe contest ensued between Mary and Jim; Mary's rider reined her over into the track of Jim, which was considered foul; Jim pressed and got ahead, took Mary's track too suddenly within two hundred yards of the winning post. Mary made a powerful effort on the outside and locked Jim; the rider of Jim now reined over into the track of Mary, which was also considered foul; they ran out, Mary about eighteen inches ahead. It being apparent that each of the boys rode foul, (the rules of the course being imperative, that for foul riding, the boys shall be ruled off, and never be permitted to ride on the course again, and the horses ruled out in the race,) the heat was given to Eliza Bailey, which was third. I do not attribute the foul riding to either of the gentlemen owning the horses, as they are of high and unimpeachable standing on the Turf. After the usual rest, the bugle sounded the residue to the stand: the boys were mounted, and the drum tapped: off they played in fine style, first one and then the other ahead until the second mile, when Eliza made off for the heat, and obtained it; the unusual muddy track must be an apology for the long time recorded—4:23—4:24.

Fourth day, [Four mile heats; entries—Jasper, W. H. Harrison, Tarlton, and Hebe.] This was a beautiful day over head, but the track unusually heavy. The knowing ones were "picked up," the Woodpecker colt Tarlton being the favorite two to one against the field. They deserved being "done brown" for not appreciating the character of the tried horse Wm. H. Harrison for bottom and speed, as also the splendid young horse Jasper. Hebe is also a very fine filly when in condition, but she was not, unfortunately, to-day. The track was ankle deep every jump. The boys were mounted, and at the tap of the drum off they went in fine style, Tarlton watching Harrison—Jasper led from end to end. On the last round Harrison made play at him, but too late, Jasper took the heat, and Hebe was distanced. They were soon off for the second heat, Harrison ahead, Tarlton and Jasper close up, (Tarlton was not in a condition to make a bruising race); Jasper put at Harrison, but could not catch him; he ran on in hand, Tarlton just dropping within the distance. After resting the usual time, they were a third time called to the stand, Tarlton in appearance better than in the other heats, Harrison in good fix, and Jasper not so sprightly as in the other two heats, having contended for them both. The drum tapped, and off they went, Harrison ahead, Tarlton's time to press for the heat, he laid up close to Harrison; Jasper having won a heat, he was for saving, in case Tarlton should win the next heat; they ran through the heat in the way described, pressing Harrison hard, but not able to head him.

Fith day, [Mile heats; entries—Worthy, Chilton, and Sultan.] This was an interesting race, well contested; Chilton was the favorite, and won easily.

I have given you these particulars as nearly as I could recollect them. If you think them worth publishing in your valuable work you can do so, with the enclosed report.—[Referred to before.] We have some valuable sweepstakes, which will be filled in a few days, and others that will not close for some time. I will make them out shortly, and transmit them to you for publication.

Yours respectfully, A. Tarlton, Secretary O. R. C.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA FALL RACES.

Last week we gave the report of the three first days' races, and now add the fourth. The bungling report in the "Pennsylvania Inquirer," wbcih we noticed last week, obliges us to beg pardon of the "Pennsylvanian," inasmuch as we inadvertently charged the latter with the mistakes of the former. To make it a matter of more convenient reference we give the report entire, with the remark that the *time* made during the meeting, taken collectively, is better than any made throughout the Union this season, with the single exception of the second Spring meeting on Long Island.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1837—*Camden Course*, N. J., opposite Philadelphia.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. (New York weights). Seven subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Townes' ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy	2	2
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. by Sir Lovel, out of Eleanor by Eclipse	3	dis

Time, 1:49—1:48

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before. Four subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy.	0	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. f. by Sir Charles, d. Polly Peacham by John Richards.	0	2	2

Time, 3:46—3:50—4:01.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25.—Match, $400; weights as before; Mile heats.

John Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	1	1
S. M. Leiper's br. f. by Busiris, dam by Young Archibald, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:57.

SAME DAY.—Match, $10,000 a-side, $3,000 ft. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs. 101lbs., received forfeit from Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, own sister to Trifle, same age and weight. Charlotte Russe was named in this match without her owner's knowledge, and engagements in South Carolina prevented an acceptance of it.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's (E. Townes') bl. m. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	4	1	1
Col. Jas. M. Selden's ch. c. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	1	3	3
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) gr. f. *Patience*, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 4 yrs.	2	2	2
B. Willet's br. h. *Tranby*, by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 6 yrs	3	dr	

Time, 3:50—3:46—3:52.

A tip-top race throughout, Patience and Red Rat cutting out the work the first heat, and Black Bird and Patience the second and third. The grey filly (Patience) made a capital race, though defeated; she got a bad start in two heats, particularly the first, and was lamed and greatly impeded in her progress by an inattentive constable employed to keep back the multitude, but who, in his own anxiety to see the race, pressed too far forward until the mare came nearly upon him, when his staff passed between Patience's fore legs—was wrested from his hands—and making a revolution, struck her hip, and carried the entire skin from her hip bone, and at the same time nearly prostrated the man. Of course she lost ground and had a wide gap to make up in the second mile of the second heat; yet at the coming in she and the winning nag were so closely locked together that one of the judges pronounced it to have been a dead heat. After this extraordinary effort, Patience ran close up second in the third heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26.—Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as efore; Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. c. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, 4 yrs	1	1
S. Laird's (for Executors) ch. f. *Betsey Andrew*, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel (Henry Archy's dam) by Eclipse, 3 yrs	2	2
Col. Wm. Wynn's br. f. *Tipton*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Director, 3 yrs. was entered, but showing lameness on the morning of the race, was	dr	

Time, 5:51—6:02.

"There was heavy betting on this race at long odds, being $500 to $250 on Boston against the field. By 12 o'clock when *all* knew that Col. Wynn's filly would not start, the odds raised, and 100 to 30 and 25 and 20 was given, and whilst running greater odds yet were frequently given. After the first heat it was 100 to 5. This proved no race at all. Boston looked, walked, and acted a victor before starting, whilst the little filly was "*tucked up*," and as the race proved was evidently off her foot. She is doubtless a good one, if in proper *fix*. She run her two miles at the first spring meeting on Long Island, a few weeks ago, in the unprecedentedly short time of 3:44; that is evidence enough of her speed, and all who know her noble sire, Sir Andrew, with the Eclipse blood by her dam's side, will not doubt her bottom. She is a beautiful runner, and will some day or other prove herself worthy of her noble ancestors. But "To-morrow, to-morrow and to-morrow" is to be the great day—only think of it." Baltimore Chron.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

D. Toms' ch. h. by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs	0	1	1
J. H. Helling's ch. c. *Carroll*, by Sir Charles, out of Charles Kemble's dam, 4 yrs.	0	2	2
O. Willett's br. h. *Tranby*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	3	3	dis
Samuel Miller's br. h. *Paul Jones*	dis		

Time, 1:51—1:52—1:57.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $30, free for all ages; weights as before Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs	1	1
Maj. James M. Selden's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson by Ratray, 4 yrs	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 5 yrs	2	3

Time, 7:56—7:52. Track heavy.

"The track was rather heavy in consequence of the rain during the previous night. The crowd at the course was immense—the Ladies' pavillion filled to overflowing, notwithstanding the morning was unpleasant, windy and cold, and bore every appearance of rain. The stands, which are large and commodious, were filled every inch of them, both stories. The receipts of the proprietor must have been very great, and well he deserves it, for his admirable accommodations and arrangements.

The betting was very great. Mingo *vs.* the field was freely offered, and as soon as offered taken. From 11 till one o'clock [the hour of starting] the friends of Mingo could get all their bets covered. There was more betting than at the Bascombe and Post Boy race.

The running, taking into consideration the state of the track, was very fine. At starting Lady Cliffden took the lead, Mingo 2d, Atalanta 3d. When about half way round, Mingo passed the Lady and the three came to the judges' stand, Mingo 1st [hard in hand], Cliffden 2d, Atalanta 3d. Second round, about a quarter of a mile, Atalanta went up, passed Lady Cliffden, and rushed round to the stand—Mingo 1st, Atalanta 2d, Lady Cliffden 3d. The third and fourth round they each kept the same position, Atalanta occasionally trying to go up, but she could not make Mingo straighten his neck—the rider of Mingo made it close by looking over his shoulder at her, and only beating her in by the saddle flaps.—Lady Cliffden, of course, "just dropped in."

The second heat Lady Cliffden took the lead again, Mingo 2d, Atalanta 3d, the first, second, and third rounds, they all kept the same position. On the coming out of the 3d round, Mingo went to work "all he knew," the daughter of Sussex played with her ears, and still dashed on ahead. It was a beautiful con-

test; the run between them was kept up until nearing the turn on the back side of the course, when Mingo locked and passed her, and finally came in about two lengths ahead, Atalanta having dropped back far behind.

Thus ended the most exciting race that perhaps ever took place. It is but justice to Mingo to say, that the best judges, when they saw him stripped, pronounced him entirely too low. He certainly did not look any thing like he did last Spring, when he made 7:47 on the third heat at New York." Ib.

Anecdote of Animal Instinct.

GETTYSBURG, (Pa.) Oct. 24, 1837.

SIR,—Having occasionally the pleasure of reading the "Spirit of the Times," I have often thought of relating to you a circumstance that occurred in this place some time ago; I made a memorandum of it at the time, from which I copy the following, which you may publish if you think proper.

Mr. M'CLELLAN, of this town, had a mare twenty-four years old, which has been the best animal for either saddle or harness in the country. In the winter before, a brother of Mr. M'Clellan, when driving her in the sleigh, injured her so much that she could with difficulty walk. Mr. M'Clellan in the spring put her to pasture on his farm, about a mile from Gettysburg, where she remained shifting for herself. She had lost one of her shoes, and broke her foot stamping at the flies. One morning she was let out to water, and instead of going back to the pasture as usual, she came into town, stopped at the stable where she had been usually fed, she then went down the street nearly quarter of a mile to the blacksmith shop where she had formerly been shod; the hostler followed her and brought her back and fed her, without tying her or shutting the door; she shortly after went again to the blacksmith shop, and staid there till the smith put a shoe on the bare foot, when she started off, and came up to the stable again. The smith says he drove her off two or three times before he shod her. This is fact.

P.S. Mr. M'CLELLAN has lately purchased from Mr. E. H. BOARDMAN, of Huntsville, Ala., an imported mare called *Albertazzi*, mentioned in your paper in the list of Blood Stock imported by Mr. B. K.

For the Spirit of the Times.

The gallant Capt. Back has, it seems, been unable to accomplish anything towards a further discovery of a North-west passage. The writer of this, from a long personal acquaintance with the Captain, ventures the opinion, that if any navigator in the world could, under the circumstances, have accomplished the intended object, it was he. Among his officers was a Mr. Stanley, a son of the Bishop of Norwich. Among the incidents of the voyage, we learn that the mercury and brandy on board were frequently frozen, that the pipes which were to carry warm water about the sides of the vessel burst and became useless—that the anti-tobacco chewers and the anti-grog takers preserved their health best, while the men at the pumps were principally cheered and relieved by singing negro songs in chorus, taught them by a sailor who had been much in the West Indies. This was jumping Jim Crow to some purpose.

The Hon. Mr. Norton has advertised his wife, and *au contraire*, her friends have advertised him. It is a melancholy fact, that this woman, possessing extraordinary talent, has on too many occasions compromitted herself so deeply as to have lost the respect of the virtuous.

The cholera was prevailing at Rome to a most melancholy degree. Midnight processions of women were ordered, by way of protection from further ravages, but unfortunately the deaths increased. The superstitious Romans seemed to think that the ceremonies of the Church could stay the progress of the pestilence.

Professor Henry, late of Albany, now of Princeton, has attracted great attention in England by performing some electro-magnetic experiments in public, which Mr. Faraday had attempted in vain.

Why is it that printers grow poor, and brewers grow rich? Because where one man is willing to indulge his brains, twenty have stomachs that clamor for enjoyment. The printer works for the smaller class.

The London papers contain a long correspondence between a Capt. Cauty and young Wellesley, in relation to a gambling affair at Brussels. Neither party appears to advantage.

A parson in England recently refused to christen the child of a parishioner *Nimrod*, because the mighty hunter was a wicked person!

Taglioni had arrived in Russia, and proceeded to the army, where she was to dance in a ballet before the Emperor.

Animal magnetism has been amusing the English as well as ourselves. A Baron Dupotet has been practising his art on the invalids of the North London Hospital. A cotemporary observes—

That his experiments at the Middlesex hospital completely failed; at the North London they have been confined, as it has been already remarked, to nervous and epileptic females, and upon these a certain influence has been exerted. Mesmerism, or animal magnetism, has little or no effect on males, because in them the judgment restrains the flights of the imagination, and reduces them to the steady gait of reason; they are, therefore, rarely, if ever, selected as subjects for these experiments. Of the three girls who were magnetized, one was epileptic and a somnambulist, the others were hysterical and nervous. In general, coma, or a state somewhat resembling deep sleep, is induced, and it is said that while in that state the patient can be induced to answer questions, and to perform actions of which she had previously no notion. For the former part the imagination will fully account, and for the latter we may say credat Judæus! From the report of the commission of the Royal Academy of Medicine at Paris, M. Berna, a magnetizer, may be regarded as a most complete impostor, as likewise the party said to have been magnetized. When the commission was sitting, M. Berna introduced a girl of 18, whom he proposed to magnetize, to throw into the state of somnambulism, to paralyze one or more limbs, and to render the body insensible. It was ascertained, however, that the female was insensible to moderate pain previous to the commencement of the proceedings. Various experiments were tried, but failed; one in particular, of a very singular character: One of the commission was desired by M. Berna in a loud voice to take a playing-card from the pack on the table, and place it within an inch of the back of the woman's head. The commissioner took a card, and the woman, in answer to several questions, stated that it was a playing card—a figure-card—a knave—a black knave, and finally declared it to be the knave of clubs. On examination it was found that the card was a mere plain visiting one, and consequently the imposture was evident

In the N. Y. Express of October 10 an article appeared, previously to the publication of Mr. Durant's book, which fully exposed the imposture which was practised in a neighboring city by the magnetiser there. We hope that the facts there stated will be embodied in any forthcoming work of Mr. D.

Count Bornwlaski, the famous Polish dwarf, has left behind him an amusing auto-biography.

Mr. Armitage, an English chemist, is engaged in applying electricity to the driving of machinery.

A new cavern has been discovered in the Castleton lead mines. The stalactites are said to be surpassingly beautiful.

An English gentleman of the name of Moore recently amused himself by firing his pistols when riding on the Catton road, at the passers by. One person was at length shot, and died almost immediately. The jury of inquest found a verdict of manslaughter only. Wilful murder would have been a gentle name for such a ruffianly act.

Almost all the great towns of Europe, with the exception of Paris and London, are suffering from contagious disorders.

The *Gorgon* is a new steam vessel, built by the English government for steaming or sailing, and is to carry a heavy battery. The new steamer lying at the Navy Yard is a curiosity. The inventor must have a queer notion of the sea, to make his vessel so angular, as this. She is literally all boiler and chimnies, all angles and resistance.

New Works.—Mr. Cooper has another work in the press called Italy. The author of Rattlin the Reefer, is also out with the Old Commodore.

FOSTER'S REPRINTS OF ENGLISH PERIODICALS.—Subscribers to these works, consisting of the Quarterly Review, the Edinburgh Review, the Foreign Quarterly Review, the London and Westminster Review, and Blackwood's, Edinburgh, and the Metropolitan Magazines, are respectfully notified that these esteemed works are now published by the subscriber to the latest period received—the Reviews including the July numbers published in London in August, and the Magazines to September, inclusive, received on the 6th instant, per the packet ship England.
[o21-3t] WILLIAM LEWER, corner of Broadway and Pine-st.

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.
1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.
Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.
Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ON the 2d Tuesday in November next the races over the Milledgeville Course will commence, in the following order:

First Day—Mile heats, for colts, a fine Silver Pitcher and Cup, worth	$150
Second Day—Two mile heats, free for all, Purse	300
Third Day—Three mile heats, free for all, Purse	600
Fourth Day—Four mile heats, free for all, Purse	800
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	350

☞ The money to be hung up each day.
☞ The Races to be governed by the Rules of the Lafayette Course, Augusta.
[o14] HENRY F. YOUNG & Co., *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.
Col. Wade Hampton. | Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes. | G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell. | John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—
Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.
Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ANNUAL RACES.—Will come off the Third Tuesday in Nov. 1837.
First day—Four mile heats,
Second day—Three mile heats,
Third day—Two mile heats,
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5,
} Free for all horses.

On the day previous a Stake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old; 14 subs.; $200 ent., h. ft.; Two mile heats. Closed.
Col. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Godolphin.
Col. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Bertrand, jun.
P. M. Butler names produce of Symmetry and Godolphin.
J. H. Hammond names produce of Arcadian and Eclipse.
J. J. Mickle names produce of Young Grand Duchess and Yeman.
John McLean names produce of Lady Burk and Herr Cline.
W. Thompson names produce of Sally Hopkin and Red-gauntlet.
W. E. Haskell names produce of Amanda and Rob Roy.
P. McRae names produce of a Bedford Mare and Godolphin.
Col. Singleton names produce of Phenomena and Luzborough.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Bertrand
Col. W. C. Beatty names produce of Stockholder Mare and Eclipse.
F. J. Henderson names produce of Pacolet Mare and Bertrand.
Col. J. J. Mickle names produce of Virginia Mare and Yeman.

On the Monday following the annual races, the Hampton Plate will be run for according to the following Resolution of the Club.
Resolved, That the entrance for the Hampton Plate shall be equal to the value of the Plate—shall be reinstated in Plate of the same value and description, to be run for annually the day after the regular races—distance, Two mile heats. Free for all horses carrying their appropriate weights. [S2-4t] G. STALKER, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.
James M. Henderson. | Major J. M. Starke.
W. R. Smith. | Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eadins.
Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.
Major J. D. Williams, | Major J. M. Starke,
William Noland, | Major J. D. Williams,
M. R. Smith, | Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.
[S2] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the BASCOMBE COURSE will come off on the 21st of November next, and continue five days. First day, a Post Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies, three years old, spring 1837, two mile heats, $500 entrance, $300 forfeit, to close 1st September next—four entries.

Second day,	Jockey Club	Purse,	$500,	Two Mile Heats.
Third day,	do	do	700,	Three Mile Heats.
Fourth day,	do	do	1000,	Four Mile Heats.
Fifth day,	do	do	300,	Best 3 in 5.

All entries for the Sweepstakes to be addressed to the Secretary, enclosing note for forfeit, payable 1st November next. The money for each day's Purse hung up without discount. Entrance, five per cent. on the amount of purses. Stables and litter furnished by the proprietor gratis. EDW'D B. GALE Secretary.
☞ The Races at Huntsville, Columbus, Miss., and Greensboro, Ala., will be so arranged, as to give [illegible] coming in that direction time to get to Mobile and New Orleans for the Races. s19

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.
Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.
N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols
[Sept. 16 St.] W. F. WRAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—
Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.
Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.
A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.
A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.
Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.
A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.
Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.
In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.
Sweepstakes for 1839-40.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
Sweepstakes for 1840-41.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.
For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.
Sweepstakes for 1841-42.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.
Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.
Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.
Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.
Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.
Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.
Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.
New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.
[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.
None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.
jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.
N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.
Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,
NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,
EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*
The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—
Original Tales of Powerful Interest.
Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.
Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.
The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.
The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day.*
An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.
The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed, on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.
An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New Yark, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.
Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.
To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o14]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" " Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Camden, S. C. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
Columbia, S. C. - - - Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Christianville, Va. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
Greensboro', Ala. - - Old Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
Huntsville, Ala. - - North Alabama Asso. Fall meeting, postponed until Tuesday, 7th Nov.
Little Rock, Arks. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Nov.
Memphis, Tenn. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 6th Nov.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Milledgeville, Ga. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Newberry C.H., S.C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
Nashville, Tenn. - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Natchez, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
New York City. - - Beacon Course, N. J., immediately opposite N. Y. City, First meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov. The purses are numerous, and the races continue four days.
New Orleans, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Springfield, Ala. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Nov.
Tarboro', N. C. - - - Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Trenton, N. J. - - - Eagle Course, Single Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Nov.
Tallahassee, Fl. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th Dec.
Tuscumbia, Ala. - - Franklin Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Nov.
Vicksburg, Miss. - - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and othe Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Varieties.

A quarrelsome officer lately traversing one of the Boulevards of Paris observed a person turn towards him and laugh. Becoming indignant, he asked, "Why do you laugh, Sir, as I pass?" To which the other quickly rejoined—"Why do you pass, Sir, when I laugh?"

Awkward Congratulation.—A banker who had recently failed was met by a sufferer, *walking* to town, instead of using the great equipage in which he formerly rode there. "I am glad," said the creditor, "*to see you on your legs again.*"

Definition and Consolation.—The *Aurora Standard* gives the following definition:—"A Lucky Man: He who turns two corners without being accosted by a dun, or meets a sheriff without being saluted 'in the name of the people.' These are very *attentive* times! So they are; every body seems inclined to help his neighbour, so far as a strong *attachment* goes. There is one consolation, however, as Long Ned says—having a constable by your side, proves that you had credit *once*."

"Why don't you get your ears cropped?" cried a lusty market gardener's carman to a long-eared Milesian, who was trudging along at a swinging pace with a load on his head, the other day, in a garden: "they are a precious sight too long for a man." "Are they?" said Pat, with a grunt, turning round, and looking his assailant full in the face—"then, by my soul, yours are too short for an ass."

Fame.—A foreign journal states that there are at present in Europe seven bridges, nine museums, 17 public squares, and 20 streets, which bear the name of Waterloo.

Hard Times.—Some time ago, a publisher of periodicals applied for his discharge in the Insolvent Court, and described himself as "proprietor of the *World!*" Age.

Franco-English.—A curious specimen of this occurred the other day. A French gentleman, rescued from a ducking in the Thames, and taken to an adjacent tavern, was advised to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy and water, and thus addressed the waiter, who was mixing it:—Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a *fortnight*." "A fortnight," replied Joe, "hadn't you better take it directly?" "Oh, yes," said Monsieur, "directly to be sure, but not a fortnight—not *two week*."

Death of an Illustrious Butcher.—In the obituary of the *Hereford Journal* we find the following notice:—

"Sunday, in his 59th year, Mr. James Williams, butcher, Oswestry, one of the Town Council, and a Director of the Oswestry House of Industry. At a very early age he was taken into the late Mr. Morton's service, and was always remarkable for his industry, activity, and integrity. At twelve years old he slaughtered and dressed eight sheep in the hour; and on one occasion, in order to '*cut up*' the boasting of a Liverpool butcher (who had done the feat in 23 minutes), 'Jem Williams' slaughtered and dressed a beast in 19½ minutes! This fact established him as the 'best butcher in England.' So attached were Mr. and Mrs. Morton to this faithful servant, that they left him the whole of their property, and since which, by his attention to business, he has closed his life, 'a rich man' (15,000*l.*) a lesson to many of his trade."

Peace to thy manes, illustrious slaughterman! Of a verity it may be said of thee, "Jem Williams," with profoundest truth,

"Thou hast 'cut up' *fat!*"

Oh! Miss Martineau! Miss Martineau! what have you been writing? We have not your volumes before us to satisfy us that you could have penned such a sentence as has been ascribed to you; and with reluctance we admit the authenticity of meeting in a Boston newspaper, which is not very courteous on account of your strictures on the Americans. It declares that the statement made by you to the effect that you "could not find a tender piece of meat in that city," to be wholly false. When did you apply for this "tender piece of meat," Miss Martineau? Was there no considerate butcher to relieve your necessities? Fie, fie! Miss Martineau!

Sarim Effendi, the new Turkish Ambassador to the English Court, originally intended, it is said, to have brought the whole harem with him. We are glad to hear that he was abandoned this very immoral idea. We have no doubt that he will find no difficulty in forming a new harem in England, and it would have been too bad to have imported a commodity with which this country is over stocked already. 'Melbourne and his Caroline were talking over the affair, when the Premier declared that if the Turkish Ambassador imported his harem, there ought to be "a tax upon the article." Caroline blushed and giggled at his lordship's idea, and expressed herself rather favourable to a free trade.

The Marquis of Ailesbury, with his "youthful Marchioness," intends, we understand, passing a great portion of every year on the continent. His eldest son, we perceive, has also, for the future, resolved to stick to the *continent*. But agriculture will be in a declining condition, since it is reported that the "Marquis has entirely broken up his little farming establishment, which used to occupy so much of his attention." We can but hope that the "youthful Marchioness" will take good care that although he may have abandoned agricultural pursuits, he does not in any way neglect ***husbandry***.

The city folks are in high glee at the prospect of having the Queen to dine with them on the ninth of November. Among other extensive preparations that are making for the occasion, an order was issued by the Court of Aldermen, on Wednesday, to repair the sheath of the state sword. We cannot see what the civic authorities want with a sword at all, while they have such a sharp blade as Hobler to fight all their battles. They had better get the state sword cut down into a carving knife, and it will then be an useful appendage to the dignity of the city.

"Is your master up?" asked an early visiter of the Marquis of Blandford's valet. "Yes, Sir," rejoined the fellow with great innocence; "the butler and I *carried him up* about three o'clock.

Foote's favorite butt was Garrick. David wound up an attack on some person's character by an intimation, that perhaps it would be better that he should pull *the beam timber!*"

A BATCH OF CONS.

We have received from various sources the following batch of conundrums. We suppose that the parties who have separately "con"-cocted this "con"-catenation of cons have had nothing better to do—if so, we trust they will do something better if they expect to insure the future favors of the *Age*:

Why is Lord Kelly's last new hat like a favorite race?—Because it's a *Doncaster*.

Why is Mrs. Fitzwilliam like a hookah?—Because she's a *pretty pipe*.

Why is an importunate lover like a pound of Hyson?—Because he's 'tea, sir,' [Teazer]. Horrible! most horrible!

Why is Mrs. Nisbett's nose, when she's got a cold, like her left eye?—Because it often sneezes *like winking*.

When may a man be said to be truly above the world?—When he's "*out on a lark*."

Why is Lord Sefton's mouth like a runaway race-horse?—Because it's a *bolter*.

Which female singor would pick up most money on a race-course?—Miss *Betts*.

Why is a man with a squint sure to be an inquisitive person?—Because he's always got a "*queer-eye*" for you.

When is the Captain of a ship like the surgeon of a ship?—When he's docked her [Doctor]. Most awful this!

Why is an author in want of a subject like an unfortunate corn-cutter?—Because he's hard up for a *to-pic*.

Why is taking a boul of turtle like taking a bottle of brandy?—Because it's sure to be sew-up [so-up]. Horrible!

Why is the Norway watchman who knocked down Lord Waterford like Jock Black?—Because he's a *rum head-hitter*. London Age.

Bedfordiana.—"The Duke of Bedford's *party* at the Doune of Rochie Murchus have had excellent sport, shooting and fishing, since the commencement of the season. *Their graces* will remain in the North until the second week in October."—A good joke is current touching *their Graces'* sport. The poor old whiffler was seated in a punt, asleep—her Grace being engaged in the "glorious sport" of fishing. Suddenly, an unpleasant change in the weather took place, and the Duchess was requested by the Duke to untie the rope that held them to a tree. "I can't," said her Grace. "Do," said the old whiffler, "do *cut the painter*, my angel."

Justice in Ireland.—The following pleasant foretaste of the piquant disclosures which will take place before the Committee appointed to investigate the Election Petition is gleaned from the Dublin Police Reports. In the course of examining some petty squabble between two ladies, the following evidence was given:—

"'Oh, your worships,' remarked the defendant's daughter, 'you don't know what Mrs. Harwood can do, mild as she looks. She was married to a nice young man, who lived near Paradise-row, and he died about a year ago. Well, when the last election came she dressed herself up in her husband's clothes, put on that wig, (pointing to that which has already been described,) and putting the certificate in her pocket, she voted for O'Connell and Hutton!' (Shouts of laughter followed this announcement, incredible as it appeared.)

"Mrs. Harwood, abandoning all reserve, joined cordially in the laugh, and, turning to the tale-teller, exclaimed with exultation, 'well, if nothing else is true, what you said now is no lie.

"Some gentlemen inquired if she was really serious.

"Mrs. Harwood—'Indeed I am, and if I live I will vote again for O'Connell and Hutton.'"

Very Important to Families.—A book on Domestic Economy purports to give instructions "how to know a young hare." Had it been how to know a young *heir*, how great would be its utility as *a domestic guide* in several aristocratic families. Many noble fathers would be glad indeed to have the means of knowing their *young heirs* from those of other people. The Hon. Mr. Norton sent for a copy of the book, hoping that if it could instruct one how to know a young *hare*, it might also inform him how to know *a young lamb*, which would render it an invaluable book in his family.

A man was brought before Sir Peter Laurie charged with exposing sheeps' heads in front of his residence. Sir Peter was highly indignant, and inflicted a heavy penalty, saying energetically, that "sheep's heads should not be exposed as long as he sat in that office." We beg to say that he himself is guilty of the offence every time he sits to adjudicate. He exposes a sheep's head the moment he shows his face in public. We hope he will fine himself forty shillings.

Shipping Intelligence Extraordinary.—The old hulk *Eldon* has been laid up in ordinary—top-sail quite gone. The *Alvanley* schooner, eligible for the *Fleet*, full of water, but *baled out*. The *Mrs. Wood*, bound for America, lost *her compass* previous to coming into England. The *Melbourne*, going to be examined. There is some suspicion that this vessel is sound at bottom. The *Victoria* is now lying at anchor; it is not yet certain what course she will take. All concur in wishing her a prosperous voyage. Satirist.

By the dismissal of Sir John Conroy from Court, against the expressed wishes of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen has evinced a strength of mind and decision of character that cannot be too highly extolled. Sir John has long rested under the imputation of being upon terms of too great a familiarity with one on whom the whisper of detraction ought not to be, as the maternal guardian of England's hope, permitted to breathe.

Sir Francis Sykes, in a letter to his friend D'Israeli, says that in his tour through *Wales* he had not seen a single *fish*, and as for *whalebone*, with which he was led to believe the roads were paved, he had not met with so much as would give support to a pair of stays.

"Has Stephens any serious intentions with regard to Duvernay?" asked Wombwell of Broadwood. "Upon my word I cannot tell," rejoined the brewer, "for I made a point of never visiting the lady but when he is absent!"

"A little brandy, my dear?" quoth Mrs. Stultz to the baron. "A *thimble* full, my love," replied the man of shears. "There, there," interrupted Bozzi Granville who was doing the agreeable on the right of Mrs. Snip at dinner, "again in the shop. "Do, my dear friend, in the presence of your *duck* think as little as possible of the *goose*." Mrs. S. was pleased to pronounce this coruscation of wit worthy of the "other Boz."

Sir John Sebright makes a point of personally superintending the hiring of the female servants of his household, and one of the first questions he usually puts on their applying for any vacant place is whether they can bear *confinement*." The reply is of course, for the most part, in the affirmative, and ere they leave the worthy baronet's service, their capability is pretty sure to be put to the proof.

Parental Affection.—Parental affection resembles the river Derwent, which rises in the Peak of Derbyshire; which river being full of warm springs, is frozen last of any stream in England, and thawed first. Such is parental affection; the last to be checked by the misconduct of a child, the first to be moved by its penitence.

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c. Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub. $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, on Friday, the 17th day of November, at Trenton, N. J., the following Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 2.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey. A colt of his get, *Henry A. Wise*, was winner of two out of three sweepstakes which he ran for last Spring, and is matched against the celebrated grey filly *Gift*, for $5000 a-side, to come off at the second Fall meeting of the Union Club. He is also the sire of Mr. J. C. Stevens' filly *Ethiopia*, winner of a match at the late Long Island meeting, and of a colt which has ran with great distinction at the West, owned by Mr. John Frost, and of several other good ones. His colts are remarkable for size and bone, as well as action.

Horses in Training.

No. 3.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castenira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 4.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 5.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 6.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 7—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835.

No. 8.—B. f. Margaret, by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.

Brood Mares.

No. 9—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virigo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castenira, the dam of Sir Archy, with a filly foal at foot by Trustee, and stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

Mo. 10—Gray mare Bianca, by Medley, out of Powancey, with a colt at her foot by Trustee, and stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 11—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361,—with a colt at her foot, by Trustee, and stinted to Dashall.

No. 12—Gray mare Helen, by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub, and stinted to Dashall.

No. 13—Bay mare Amelia, by Lance, out of Monmouth's dam. Stinted to Imp. John Bull.

Terms will be liberal. [o21]

THE BEACON COURSE,
OPPOSITE THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THIS New Course is so far completed as to justify the certain expectation that a meeting will take place this Fall—the First Tuesday in November next—being the week succeeding the meeting on the Union Course, Long Island.

This beautiful course is in sight of Broadway, and the splendid view from Bergen Heights, on which it is situated, will alone repay a visit. The view from the Stand erected for spectators will rival in prospect the far-famed West Point. The fixtures, when entirely completed, in comfort and splendor, will not be surpassed by any similar establishment in the Union.

The actual expense of getting *to* the course need be but the price of ferriage (6d.) as the walk is a pleasant one to the course.

As a misunderstanding has prevailed very generally in regard to members of the Union Club (many supposing erroneously that unless present and attending they were not bound to pay Club money), there will be no Club at the Beacon Course. Any person belonging to a regular organized Club in the United States, or introduced by such, can procure a ticket for the meeting, which will entitle them to the privilege of the enclosed space, Ladies' Stand, Club Stand, and free admission to any part of the Course for that meeting.

The Regulations of the Union Club as now existing to govern in racing and betting on the Beacon Course, and all differences of opinion to be decided by the Judges of the day.

The purses to be run for will be as liberal as the success of this new course shall warrant, which must mainly depend on the number of those procuring tickets of admission for the week.

For such gentlemen as may not wish to avail themselves of the privileges for the week ample and comfortable accommodations will be furnished at a price commensurate; and for those wishing still cheaper enjoyment these hard times, a second story has been erected for spectators.

Owing to the locality of this Course, from the time of leaving the city to their return, none can present the same facilities, both as to cheapness and expedition.

Another great advantage is here presented that races may take place at a later hour in the day, and in the afternoon, thus giving an opportunity to those fond of the sports of the turf to enjoy the recreation after business is concluded.

The *interior* of the course must of necessity this Fall be rough and unsightly, which will be remedied by the First Spring meeting.

Stables in the neighborhood and at Hoboken, will for this meeting be provided for the race horses attending.

The following purses will be given this meeting:—

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, Nov. 7.

Sweepstakes now open for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To close 30th October.

Same Day—Sweepstakes now open for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50, Mile heats. To close 30th October.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse, free for all ages, Mile heats.

SECOND DAY—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day—A Service of Plate, for a Single Two miles, entrance money depending on the amount of subscription, the winner to take money or plate.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

THIRD DAY—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes now open for 4 year olds and under, sub. $100, and $200 added—to close the evening before the race.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

FOURTH DAY—Purse $1000, Four mile heats,

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

New York, Oct. 1837. [o21] ALEX. L. BOTTS, Beacon Course.

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
L[illegible]gston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 157 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza.) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life refresents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Club Boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American*, and won the great match on the 2d inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side. Apply to
[o14-3t] PHILIP BRASHER, 55 Pine-street.

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE Fall meeting will commence on the second Tuesday, 14th Nov. 1837, and continue three days.

First Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats.

Second Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $400, Three mile heats. Also, the same day, a Purse of $100, Mile heats.

Third Day, at one o'clock—Citizens' Purse $900, Four mile heats. Several Sweepstakes will also come off, of which further particulars will soon be given.

Entries for all purses must be made at the Pavillion on the day previous to each race, by 3 o'clock P. M., describing the name and age of the horse, and the dress of the rider.

On each day of the races an extra line of cars will leave the Philadelphia Rail Road Depot at half-past 9 o'clock A. M., and land passengers at the Eagle Hotel in time for the races. Returning they will leave the Eagle Hotel at 5 o'clock P. M. Fare for the excursion, $1,50. A list of the horses that are entered for each purse will be published in the Pennsylvanian, and Public Leger, Philadelphia, on the morning of each race. Should the weather prove cold, all the apartments at the course will be furnished with good fires during the meeting.

As an unusual number of horses is expected, those that have not procured stables would do well to make early application to the subscriber, at the Eagle Hotel.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 10, 1837. [o14] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-4t]

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.
sr93t No. 3 Carondelet street New Orleans.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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